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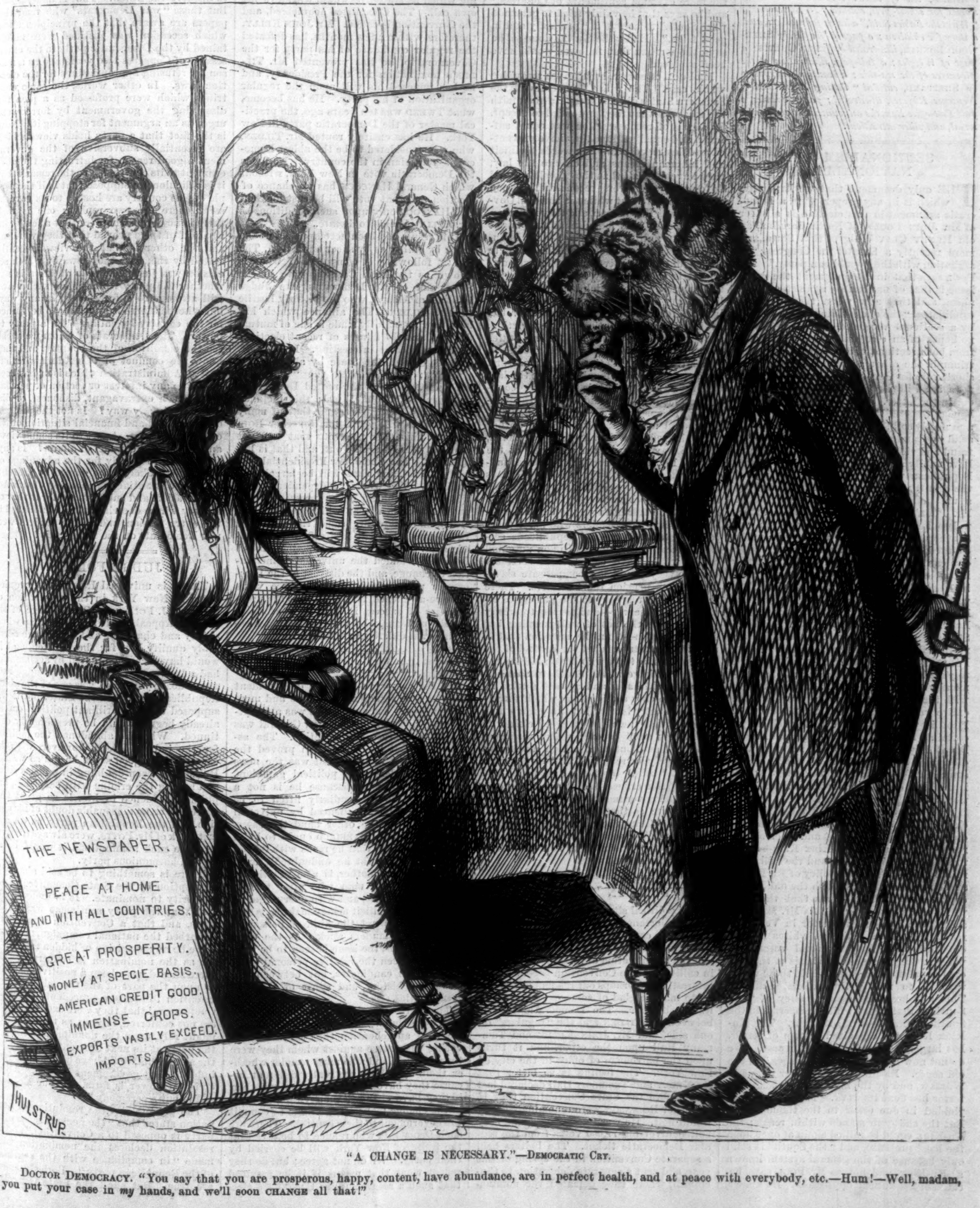

THE NEWSPAPER.
PEACE AT HOME AND WITH ALL COUNTRIES.
GREAT PROSPERITY.
MONEY AT SPECIE BASIS.
AMERICAN CREDIT GOOD.
IMMENSE CROPS.
EXPORTS VASTLY EXCEED IMPORTS
THULSTRUP

"A CHANGE IS NECESSARY."—DEMOCRATIC CRY.

DOCTOR DEMOCRACY. "You say that you are prosperous, happy, content, have abundance, are in perfect health, and at peace with everybody, etc.—Hum!—Well, madam, you put your case in *my* hands, and we'll soon CHANGE all that!"

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 18, 1880.

## HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 45, *issued September* 7, *contains "Wally, the Wreck-Boy," a story of shipwreck on the Northern coast, by* Frank Taylor, *illustrated; Chapter Fifteen of "The Moral Pirates," in which, with a grand explosion, the camp is destroyed, and the pirates are forced to bring their trip to an end, illustrated; "Entertaining Friends," the first of a series of "Bits of Advice," by* Aunt Marjorie Precept; *"Homes of the Farming Ants;" Chapter Nine of* Lossing's *"Story of the American Navy," illustrated; one of* Mary Densel's *charming stories for school-girls, entitled "In September"; "What the Babies Said," a lesson for mothers, and a story for children; a page of Jingles, by* Sherwood Bonner, *illustrated by* Jessie Curtis; *a page of Wiggles; a full-page illustration of the pleasures of the sea-side; a beautiful engraving by* Sheppard, *entitled "Getting Acquainted"; Nonsense Rhymes, illustrated; poems, puzzles, a full Post-office Box, the announcement of our new serial, and other attractions.*

## SECTIONALISM AND NATIONALISM.

THE only document that we have seen which is in any proper sense a Democratic argument in this election is a letter of Mr. John Pool's, of North Carolina, an old Henry Clay Whig of that State, and more recently a Senator in Congress "in affiliation with the Republican party." Mr. Pool says that in his judgment the great issue is that of nationality against sectionalism, and that now when there are two candidates, "the one striving to be elected by a sectional vote, and the other basing no hopes of an election except upon votes from both sections, one seeking a sectional triumph, the other a national," he will, in short, vote for General Hancock. This extract is an illustration of the want of candor in the letter. The fact is that the only hope of General Hancock's election lies in a perfectly solid section, and a section made solid by fraud and violence. Without that fraud and violence which after fifteen years have finally suppressed a large part of the Republican vote in Mr. Pool's section of the country, General Garfield's election by a national vote would be overwhelming. Mr. Pool's argument is absolutely futile, unless he can show that the vote in the Southern States is freely cast and honestly counted, and that neither he nor anybody else can show. The proof of the contrary is conclusive. What he says now was said in 1860. It was urged that Mr. Lincoln was not a national candidate because he had no support in the Southern States. But he had no support in the Southern States because the Democrats would have murdered his supporters. Nor can Mr. Pool and his Democratic friends pretend to parallel the alleged coercion of his workmen by some proprietor in a Northern State with the wholesale violent repression of an entire vote in the Southern States. Mr. Pool is, we hope, unjust to himself, as he certainly insults the common-sense of intelligent Republicans who are no more vindictive or sectional than he, when he assumes that the solidity of his section, which is the basis of Democratic hope in this election, is legitimate or honest.

From the passage of the Black Codes, including the vagrant and contract laws—codes enforced by the vast and efficient terrorism known as the Ku-Klux Klan—down to the bulldozing of 1876, and the still more recent tissue ballots, the policy of Mr. Pool's section has been to establish the old Democratic slave-holding dogma that this is a white man's government. As Mr. Marten, a Southern Democratic orator in Vermont, recently said, the Southern whites having obtained some forty electoral votes and votes in Congress upon the basis of the colored population, propose to hold those votes, that is, to nullify the colored suffrage. This has been the steady policy of "the South"—that is, the white Democrats in the Southern States—since the war. The Ku-Klux Klan, the organized system of terror, has largely accomplished its purpose. We do not now hear of many "outrages," in the old sense. Naturally not. Order reigns in Warsaw, and by the familiar methods. The terror has done its work. The shot-gun has yielded in due order to the tissue ballot. But the shot-gun stands within reach; the Ku-Klux could be rallied again at once upon the least pretense, and "the South" is solid only because of the general system known as Ku-Klux, and not, as Mr. Pool says, because of Republican oppression. He knows, undoubtedly, that Republican reconstruction was not vindictive, but equitable. He knows, or ought to know, that to abandon the freedmen to the Black Codes, the vagrant laws, and the contract laws, without the ballot, would have been a national crime second only to slavery. He knows certainly that the Republican settlement of the war was unprecedented in history for mildness and equity. There were no executions or confiscations. Nothing whatever was required but a guarantee of justice; and if the suffrage was prematurely conferred, it was because the white Democrats who complain of it made it indispensable. That they have nullified it by force and fraud only shows how deep and vital and malignant was the spirit which confronted Republican reconstruction. Even Mr. Pool, however, is compelled to do homage to the patriotism of that policy. He admits that it was "the triumph of the more moderate over the more extreme sentiments of Congress," and he says that he vainly tried to persuade "the South" to accept it "promptly and in good faith." Had "the South" done so, he says, the sorrows that followed would have been avoided.

Mr. Pool, of course, here "gives away" his whole case. The white Democrats of the Southern States did not accept in good faith the measures that they pretended to accept. The basis of reconstruction was equal suffrage, and equal suffrage they have prevented and destroyed. In other words, by illicit and inhuman means, and despite the law, they have done all that they possibly could do to nullify and reverse reconstruction upon a fundamental point while the national Government was Republican, and they now complain because it is feared that they might attempt to nullify and reverse other essential points if they should obtain complete control of the executive and legislative power. It is this perfectly logical and legitimate apprehension which holds the Republican party together, and makes a practically solid North, not by crime and terror, but by intelligent perception and conviction. If the white citizens of the Southern States had shown that they accepted in good faith—as Mr. Pool admits that they did not, and as some amiable and loyal men, like the late General Bartlett, in this part of the country, assumed that they did accept—the principle of reconstruction, both of the war parties would have disappeared. We do not think, indeed, that it was to be expected, and we have never been surprised at the result. But nothing could be more unfounded than the assertion that the Republicans have compelled the solidity of "the South," that is, of the white voters. If, indeed, they had left the freedmen to the Black Codes, the old Democratic leaders who made those codes, instead of calling Republicans sectional because they insisted upon an equal ballot, would have called them sectional because they would not compensate slave-owners and pension rebel soldiers. There is no greater treachery to the principles established by the war—and not less treachery because it is the act of well-meaning but shallow persons—than the assertion that to alarm the country against the control of the government by those who have nullified the right of suffrage in the Southern States is to revive old hates and agitate settled issues. The only sectionalism which threatens the country is not that of a party which demands that the right of every citizen to vote freely shall be everywhere respected and protected, but that which makes the States lately in rebellion against the government "solid" by force and fraud and indescribable crimes, in order to obtain control of the government. If Mr. Pool wishes to abate sectionalism, let him and his friends continue their efforts to persuade "the South" to accept in good faith the principle of reconstruction, and to cease to suppress the colored vote.

## NEW YORK IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THE political situation in New York is of great importance, as without New York the Democrats can not hope for success. Nowhere is their party more seriously divided, and the recent action of its State Committee in calling a State Convention becomes very interesting. Perhaps our readers out of the State may be glad of some explanation of its significance. The Democratic feud is between Mr. Tilden and the "regulars" on one side, and Mr. John Kelly and Tammany Hall upon the other, and it turns upon the patronage of office in the city of New York. The feeling is so bitter that Mr. Kelly and Tammany Hall declared last year before the State Convention that if Governor Robinson were renominated they would bolt. He was renominated, and they bolted, diverting 77,000 votes from the regular Democratic ticket. The bolters held a separate Convention in the spring of this year, and sent a separate delegation to Cincinnati, where they defeated the nomination of Mr. Tilden by showing that it would undoubtedly cause the loss of New York. When they had succeeded in defeating Mr. Tilden the bolters vociferously greeted the nomination of General Hancock, and Mr. John Kelly, whom the Convention had at first excluded, became its hero at the end. Returning to New York, Tammany Hall held a ratification meeting, in which the regulars would not unite, and the regulars subsequently held a meeting, at which Mr. Tilden presided, and at which Tammany Hall did not appear.

Encouraged by his success in adopting Danton's motto—audacity—Mr. Kelly a few weeks since issued a call for a State Convention to nominate a Chief Judge of Appeals. The regulars did not desire a Convention. But their Committee was summoned, and a letter from Mr. Kelly was read announcing that if a Convention were regularly called, with a certain understanding which he stated, he would withdraw his own call. The Committee acquiesced, and the Convention is called. Mr. John Kelly, therefore, within a few months, has defeated the regular candidate of his party for the Governorship, he has prevented Mr. Tilden's nomination for the Presidency, and he has imposed his will upon the regular organization of his party. He has become, what Tweed was ten years ago, the practical master of the Democratic party in New York. He has entirely routed Mr. Tilden, who was considered to be the ablest Democratic politician in the country. He holds the Democratic vote in New York, without which General Hancock has no chance of election, and that vote will be cast for General Hancock only upon such conditions as Mr. Kelly chooses to dictate.

This result has been accomplished not so much by ability as by sheer audacity. The Kelly following is composed of what is known as the Irish Catholic vote in the State, and of old Democrats, like Judge Parker, of Albany, who are bitterly hostile to Mr. Tilden. The alliance which has been now apparently made is one of mutual distrust, and the figures of recent elections therefore become interesting. In 1876 Mr. Tilden carried the State by about 32,000 majority; this included the "independent" vote. In 1879 the united Democratic majority was about 15,000; this included the "independent" vote, and that of many Republicans who voted for Governor Robinson. This year the vote that was not cast last year will come out, and that is Republican. The whole new Presidential vote will be cast, and that will be largely Republican. The whole "independent" vote will be Republican. The protesting Republicans of last year will vote for Garfield, and there are some thousands of Democrats who will hesitate to acknowledge Mr. John Kelly as supreme "boss." If to this is added the universal disinclination to change, and the distrust of the Democratic party which the last three years have re-awakened, it is plain that the probabilities of success in New York are with the Republicans, who, for this election, have no internal differences whatever.

## THE PLAIN ISSUE.

As the campaign proceeds it is evident that its true significance is more and more clearly seen. The hurra that was attempted over Hancock as a Union General was meant to confuse the situation. The assumption that his nomination proved the harmony that was at hand was the mere "shove" of desperate political gamblers. The argument that, because he is not a horse thief, he is peculiarly fitted to be President, has been silenced by universal contempt. On the other hand, the assertion that General Garfield ought to be in the Penitentiary, that he reeks with official corruption, and that he undoubtedly murdered his grandmother, is also practically abandoned. The man who after twenty years of public life, and with every kind of opportunity for illicit money-making, is still a poor man, is not the kind of person to whom such slanders stick. As the campaign proceeds, the issue is seen to be joined, not between the relative personal qualities of the candidates, but between the principles, history, and spirit of the two great parties.

There are undoubtedly many Democrats who were Union men during the war who see with apprehension that they are now voting with those against whom they were then fighting, and who must wonder whether their opponents are really different because they have been beaten, and whether, if they have changed their views, the fact of the change makes it desirable to commit the government to their control. There are such Democrats who rejoice to believe that the State of New York will be carried by their party. We do not agree; but do they reflect what that means, if it be assumed that such a result implies Hancock's election? We are not of those who suppose that the country will be ruined if the Democratic party succeeds. We have learned that this country is not easily ruined. But because we do not suppose that a war with England would destroy us, we do not therefore think a war with England desirable. The country would certainly survive a Democratic victory. But is that a reason for favoring such a victory? Is it a reason for contemptuous indifference? "War Democrats" opposed secession Democrats in 1861. They vote with them in 1880. They opposed them in 1861 because they held views of State and national rights which justified a resort to arms. The secession Democrats do not now propose to enforce their views by arms, but do they any the less hold them, and are they views which promise a wiser and better administration of the government?

Nobody now threatens secession or a war to dissolve the Union. That is understood. But those "war Democrats" who read the papers are aware that the principles upon which secession was justified were maintained by the Democratic party in the extra session of Congress two years ago as a reason for refusing appropriations for the election laws. In other words, the same doctrines which were professed as a plea for dissolving the government by force were urged as an argument for stopping it. Now is the fact that a party holds views which are essentially subversive of the government a good reason for intrusting the government to its control? To the remark that it is ridiculous to suppose that half the people of this country are hostile to its government there are two replies: one is that there is no doubt whatever that a few years ago half of them proved that they were so; and the other is that the views recently stated by them are the views by which secession was justified. The question is not whether the party which holds such views will attempt to enforce them in any way, but whether there is anything to be gained for the country by calling such a party to power. The Democrats of whom we speak see the condition of the country, and they know the conduct of this Administration. Is it an Administration which is or has been unjust to any interest or section or person? Has it been extravagant, dishonest, or disreputable in any way? Is not the prosperous industrial and financial situation of the country due in great part to its sound views and its efficient conduct of affairs? Is anything which is really for the advantage of the country likely to be gained by preventing the substantial continuation of this Administration, and substituting for it that of a party whose doctrines were announced in the extra session, and whose leaders were war Democrats on the wrong side?

## JUDGE FOLGER.

THERE is universal Republican acquiescence in New York in the nomination of Charles J. Folger as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. He is a gentleman whose ability and character and experience admirably qualify him for the position, and he would have been nominated by acclamation had a Convention been called. Judge Folger, a dozen years ago, was one of the ablest Republican leaders in the State, and it was supposed that his brilliant political career, already begun, would be prosperously continued. When he abandoned the political for the judicial arena, however, with his characteristic good sense he did so wholly. He has not been dabbling in politics since, and soiling the ermine with suspicion, and public confidence in him is so great that there can be no reasonable doubt of his election. If the Republican party, as we said last week of Mr. Potts, were always resolved to make such nominations, it would be always a harmonious party.

There is something to be said about the assumption by the State Committee of the authority to nominate. It is undoubtedly true that the party sentiment was unanimous, and that a Convention would have disturbed the national campaign, nor could there be any suspicion of hidden motives so far as the nomination is concerned. But there should have been a positive disclaimer upon the part of the Committee of any intention to create a precedent, and a distinct avowal that they were exercising powers not conferred, relying, as they certainly might rely, upon the unanimous feeling of the party at its next Convention to condone the act. This would have been a mere form, indeed. But government is form. All exercise of power is form. "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony."

The preamble of the resolution of nomination states that "the general sense of the party is opposed to a Convention," and the resolution declares the nomination to be made "in compliance with the sentiment of the Republican party." Both statements are true. But shall the State Committee decide when the sentiment of the party desires a Convention, and when it desires that the Committee shall act for the party? Are not State Committees deciding a great many things by mere assumption? The temporary organization of a Convention, for instance, under our usages, may be of vital importance. The State Committee has taken that matter out of the hands of the delegates. But if the Committee should decide not only to organize the Convention, but whether there should be a Convention—? The Republican party has not authorized the State Committee to announce its "general sense" in regard to Conventions, nor its "sentiment" in respect to nominations to high office, and this should be remembered. We do not complain, but we remind. Two years ago it was proposed that the State Committee should dispense with the Convention. This year it has dispensed with it. Now if there are objections to party government by a Convention, how much more forcible are the same objections to party government by a State Committee! While all Republicans willingly acquiesce in the assumption of power by the Committee in this instance, and unreservedly support its admirable nomination, they should certainly take care, by action at the next Convention, to prevent such assumption from being drawn into a precedent.

## GENERAL GARFIELD AND "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

> "MR. EDITOR,—How can you reconcile the present support of General GARFIELD by HARPER'S WEEKLY with the views of him which it expressed in 1873?
> "A REPUBLICAN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never entertained or expressed any other opinion of General GARFIELD than that of perfect confidence in his honor, and of admiration for his ability and public services. The views of this journal, as we had occasion to state six years ago, are to be found in its editorial columns, and those columns will be searched in vain for any word of distrust of a man whom friends and foes cordially respect.

During the progress of the Crédit Mobilier investigation the WEEKLY commented upon it from time to time, saying that the character of Mr. GARFIELD and others must be their sure defense until some offense was proved. When Congress took action upon the POLAND report, the WEEKLY, assuming the report to be correct, and without knowing Mr. GARFIELD'S explanation, condemned Congress for moral cowardice in substituting censure for expulsion in the case of AMES and BROOKS, and in passing without notice the case of members inculpated by a report which it had accepted. But when General GARFIELD published his conclusive explanation, HARPER'S WEEKLY said, on the 28th of June, 1873, and in perfect accordance with all that it has ever said or thought of him:

> "Mr. GARFIELD has laid his defense before the people, and it is probable that a large majority of his countrymen will rejoice to pronounce a verdict in favor of one who has always borne a high reputation, and whose traducers are plainly unworthy of belief.... But Mr. GARFIELD'S defense against the charge of his assailants was hardly needed. His character was a sufficient shield. His political life has covered him with honor, and not all the rancor of the enemies of freedom can deprive him of the esteem and gratitude of his countrymen."

This was the opinion of General GARFIELD expressed by HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1873, and it is that which it expresses in 1880.

## THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

THE National Republican Club Convention, which is called to meet at Indianapolis on the 15th of September, will be one of the most interesting and significant political gatherings of the year. Its object is to increase the number and membership of such clubs, and as they are now composed of the most active young Republicans everywhere, the Convention will represent especially the spirit and enthusiasm of the party.

It is, indeed, by local clubs that the great part of the business of the campaign is carried on. National, State, and County committees have their essential part in the party work, but the sub-soiling, the canvassing, the house-to-house and man-by-man work, is most efficiently done by the neighborhood organizations of clubs. They distribute documents, they hold meetings, they foster the spirit and ardor which give a happy impetus to the campaign, and they bring the effective work into every school district. In several States "Young Men's Republican Clubs" are already organized as permanent schools of political instruction, and it is by such a club that the proposed Convention is called in Indiana, but every organized club in the country, whether permanent or temporary, is requested to send one delegate, properly authenticated, to the Convention.

Such a meeting also can not fail to have an excellent effect upon the election in Indiana, which is one of the most important of the year. The evidence of Republican unity and enthusiasm which the Convention will afford will be most inspiring to the Republicans of the State in which it will be held, and the friendly intercourse of fellow-laborers from every part of the vineyard will certainly be of the greatest service in cheering them for the gathering of the ripened fruit in November.

## GENERAL SHERMAN AND GENERAL HANCOCK.

THE correspondence between General SHERMAN and General HANCOCK during the winter of 1876, when the Presidential election was in doubt, shows that there was no intention to misuse the army, or to make it an independent agent in the settlement of the difficulty. Indeed, nothing can be better than the simple, clear, and direct comprehension of the situation shown by General SHERMAN, who is evidently the master-mind, as he was the official superior, in the correspondence.

Of course, since the first mention of his name in a nominating Convention, General HANCOCK has had the bee in his bonnet. In his letter of the 28th of December, 1876, from Carondelet, Missouri, in which he informs General SHERMAN of the responsibility which will devolve upon him in a certain contingency, there is nothing remarkable but his dogmatism in regard to a subject upon which the greatest constitutional commentators agree that nothing is settled. To this letter and its suggested possible action General SHERMAN replies decisively that in the matter of the Presidential election officers of the army are not required to do anything but recognize him to be President whom the lawfully constituted authorities declare to be so. This is admirably said. There is nothing between such a position and revolution.

The tone of General SHERMAN'S letters is as purely patriotic as that of WASHINGTON'S would have been under the same circumstances, and the correspondence gives him a new title to the confidence of the country. General HANCOCK'S letters, with the exception of that from Carondelet, are unimportant, showing a certain taste for political guessing, but certainly no intention to use military force unlawfully. If such a purpose could be established, General HANCOCK would disappear as a candidate, and be branded as a public criminal. Fortunately it is not indispensable to prove a candidate to be a traitor and a scoundrel in order to show that the public welfare would not be promoted by his election to the Presidency.

## GENERAL MYER.

EVEN those who had but a slight personal acquaintance with General MYER must have deeply regretted the news of his death. He had won a unique reputation as the founder and organizer of the remarkable Weather Service—a branch of the public service which has proved to be of immense benefit. The whole system of observation, transmission, and calculation was the conception of General MYER, who was commissioned in 1854 as assistant surgeon in the army, and rose to be Chief Signal Officer during the war, and was recently made Brigadier-General.

His early years were passed in Buffalo, a city to which he always gladly returned, in which he was married, and where he died. He was strictly "a self-made man," but also a quiet, urbane gentleman, whose house in Washington was one of the pleasant houses. He was "Old Probabilities," although apparently a young and active man. A warm and generous tribute to him in the Buffalo *Express* says:

> "This nickname, however, so significant as it was of the later work of his life, and used almost as a term of endearment, was really a palpable misnomer to all who were personally acquainted with General MYER. At his untimely taking off he was but fifty-two years old, and perhaps the youngest-looking man of his years within the knowledge of any of his friends. Few would have placed him at much over forty. Tall, erect, soldierly in bearing, handsome, with a fair and ruddy countenance, he was a man of mark in whatever company he was found, and probably no one would have dreamed of calling him 'old.'"

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

IN a recent speech in Vermont, Vice-President WHEELER alluded humorously to his office, saying that his shrunken and attenuated frame (the Vice-President is an exceedingly "stalwart" Republican) showed how onerous were his official duties, which consisted mainly in keeping the obstreperous Senators from Vermont in order in the Senate-Chamber. He added that his severest ordeal was in church on Sunday, when the clergyman prayed for President, and cabinet, and Congress, and the Supreme Court, and Governors, and Legislatures, and, indeed, everybody and everything but the Vice-President. Then, with a graceful turn, Mr. WHEELER happily ended his badinage by saying:

> "The Vice-Presidency is a place of 'great expectations,' rarely, alas! realized. It is getting late now for me to look for the occupation of the mansion coveted, I fear, by some more than the heavenly mansion—I mean the White House. While I have wasted away, like TANNER, in my starved expectations, the President, with all the cares of his great office, has actually increased his avoirdupois, and to-day there walks in all this broad land no sturdier specimen of physical and intellectual manhood than he. And he is going into retirement on the 4th day of March next with an eye undimmed in its lustre, which can look back upon fifty millions of happy, prosperous people, at peace at home and abroad, whom he has led out of the morass of shifting, uncertain values to the solid standard ground of the world, and whom he has lifted out of the depths of financial depression to the heights of universal prosperity."

## A GOOD PRECEDENT.

WE see with pleasure that the Hon. CHARLES R. SKINNER has been nominated for the fifth time for Member of Assembly by the Republicans of the First District of Jefferson County in New York. This is a just tribute to high personal character, and public service and ability. Mr. SKINNER'S constituency not only gratify themselves by honoring their representative, but they undoubtedly find their advantage in his prolonged legislative experience. One session at Albany is generally devoted to "learning how," and a man who is familiar with legislative duties can serve his constituency much more effectively than a tyro. Mr. SKINNER is always conspicuous among the more independent and progressive members of the Assembly, and his good work for economy, with his forcible advocacy of biennial sessions, is not forgotten. The Legislature is the true arena of practice for public life, and it is to the Capitol that the State should naturally turn for her future political leaders.

## GENERAL DI CESNOLA.

IN the days of "charges," so conspicuous a character as General DI CESNOLA could hardly expect to escape. Mr. FEUARDENT, a noted dealer in antiquities, has accused General DI CESNOLA of a petty fraud, and the General responds in a letter addressed to the daily papers, as follows:

> "SIR,—During my absence from New York an article appeared in the New York *Herald*, reproduced from the *Art Amateur* of this month, in which specific charges are made against me by a Mr. FEUARDENT, a dealer in antiquities in this city, to the effect that certain sculptures of the CESNOLA collection belonging to this institution have been tampered with, and that others have been unintelligently restored.
>
> "These charges I declare maliciously made, and absolutely without foundation in fact.
>
> "The trustees of the Museum, with but few exceptions, are still in Europe or out of town, but as soon as they return to New York, and can meet for the transaction of business, they will certainly cause a most thorough investigation of these charges to be made, as due not only to me, but to themselves, to the members of the corporation they represent, and to the public. Their standing in this community is such that when the result of their investigation is made public it will, I hope, put an end to such attacks, whether made from ignorance, from malice, or from interested motives.
>
> "I am, sir, your obedient servant,
> "L. P. DI CESNOLA,
> "Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
>
> "NEW YORK, *August 26*."

## "TOM BROWN" IN TENNESSEE.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, the "Tom Brown" at Oxford, has recently come to this country with some friends, all of whom are interested in a new land enterprise at the West. Their association owns about 400,000 acres charmingly situated in Tennessee, and remarkably rich in soil, timber, minerals, and water-power. The capital of the company is £150,000, and a town has been laid out and a hotel built. A road is building to connect the town with the Cincinnati Southern Railroad seven miles away, and a saw-mill and a brick-kiln are already erected. There has been a liberal reserve, for recreation, of parks, cricket grounds, and gardens, and it is intended that the community shall be distinctively Christian.

The purpose of the association is to furnish desirable homes, not for "the impoverished class," but for tenant-farmers in England, and for the sons of gentry and well-to-do tradesmen and manufacturers, to whom employment at home is largely barred; and the opening ceremonies are to take place on the 14th of September. We shall be very glad of an immigration of intelligent English people, but we should think it would be hard to start the sons of well-to-do tradesmen toward a strange and remote region. Yet there are prosperous settlements of Germans in Texas, and of Swiss and French in Missouri, and why not of English in Tennessee?

## PERSONAL.

AN interesting literary event is the recent discovery of a series of papers written years ago by CHARLES DICKENS, before he became famous, for the early numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*. They are now for the first time published in HARPER'S "Franklin Square Library" and HOLT'S "Leisure Hour Series," under the title of *The Mudfog Papers, etc.* They display that keen sense of humor and power of character-drawing that was afterward so richly developed in the inimitable *Pickwick Papers*.

—The Chicago *News* prints the following letter, written by General GRANT to General JOHN A. LOGAN, in response to an invitation extended to the ex-President to preside at a GARFIELD and ARTHUR mass-meeting to be held in New York:

> "MANITOU SPRINGS, COLORADO, *August* 12.
>
> "MY DEAR GENERAL LOGAN,—I left this place two weeks ago for an extended tour through San Luis Park and the Gunnison country, and hence have only just received your letter of the 28th of July. I will be going East the latter part of September, and will gladly attend any meeting intended to further the success of the ticket headed by GARFIELD and ARTHUR. I agree with you that it will not do to be beaten now. We should never be beaten until every man who counts, or represents those who count, in the enumeration to give representation in the Electoral College, can cast his vote just as he pleases, and can have it counted just as he cast it. Yours truly,
> "U. S. GRANT."

—A plan of some interest to all who read for keeping abreast with the progress of the age is LITTLE, BROWN, & CO.'s announcement of a *Year-Book of Jurisprudence*. It will give, under alphabetical titles, like a law dictionary, the recent constitutional amendments, new statutes of importance, points of late cases, and other information on the current changes in jurisprudence. The editor is BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, whose book, *Judge and Jury*, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, shows ability to give popular explanations of the law.

—Professor NORDENSKJÖLD will soon publish an account in English of *The Voyage of the Vega*.

—The death is announced, at Madrid, of JUAN EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH, the Spanish dramatist. His father was a workman of Cologne who settled in the capital of Spain, where his son was born in 1806. After a two years' course in Latin and philosophy, he began to work as an artisan at his father's trade; but a casual visit to the opera gave him a love for the drama, which became a passion. In his workman career he learned French and Italian; then studied shorthand, and became a Parliamentary reporter. This was his position when the success of *Los Amantes de Teruel* proved that Spain had again a dramatic genius, and that the nation was able to recognize the fact. He afterward produced numerous dramas and poems, and many editions of the older authors. His familiarity with the older literature of Spain led to his appointment as director of the national library.

—When ADELINA PATTI was a little girl of ten years she had a filial attachment for OLE BULL, whom she always called "Oley." He is quoted in the Washington *Post* as once saying that he relied more on her criticism of his playing than upon that of any other judge, for the development of her musical powers even at that early age was truly marvellous.

—A piquant addition is threatened to the quarrels of authors. M. OSWALD sent to the director of the Bouffes-Parisiens an operetta bearing the title of *La Bigame*. It was accepted (so the author says), and forwarded to M. PAUL FERRIAR as collaborateur. This gentleman pronounced it useless, and the director returned it. The author naturally did not share this view, and his discontent was still greater when he witnessed at the same theatre a piece by M. PAUL FERRIAR, and in the *Maitre Peronilla* believed that he recognized his own despised *Bigame*.

—A new work by the Duke of Argyll on *The Unity of Nature* will, it is announced, appear in successive articles in the *Contemporary Review*. It is stated by the *Athenæum* that this method of publishing has been adopted for the sake of considering the criticism which may arise before their appearance in a volume.

—Mr. SWINBURNE has in the press a new volume of poems, containing a song for the centenary of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1875); a parting song to a friend leaving England; a descriptive poem of some length called "Off Shore"; another descriptive poem in the anapæstic-elegiac metre of "Hesperia," called "Evening on the Broads"; a descriptive poem called "By the North Sea"; and other pieces.

—A statue of Field-Marshal WRANGEL, by Professor KEIL, has just been cast, and is to be set up in Berlin—another of the many statues of warriors which give the Prussian capital such a belligerent aspect.

—The public will shortly see announced an *edition de luxe* of George Eliot's *Romola*, which will be printed on the finest paper, and contain numerous full-page illustrations.

—The wonderful boy-violinist D'ALBERT, who is becoming so popular in England, is said to be, in spite of his genius, a "thorough boy, laughing, joking, up to any fun." But the moment he comes to the piano he is like an Arab horse, with thrilling nerves and eyes dilated.

—LEWIS CLARK, the George Harris of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is living at Oberlin, Ohio. His skin and beard are almost white. His mother, he says, was a handsome quadroon, the daughter of her master, and his father was a Scotch weaver, who fought in the Revolutionary war. He was born in Kentucky, and is sixty-six years old. He was a slave until he was twenty-seven, when he escaped. One of his daughters is a school-teacher. He supplied Mrs. STOWE with many incidents for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The original Uncle Tom, JOSIAH HENSEN, was not whipped to death, and is now a clergyman in Ontario. The crossing on the ice by a woman was in 1841. Eva was MARY A. LOGAN, who lives in the South. Mr. CLARK would be glad to lecture.

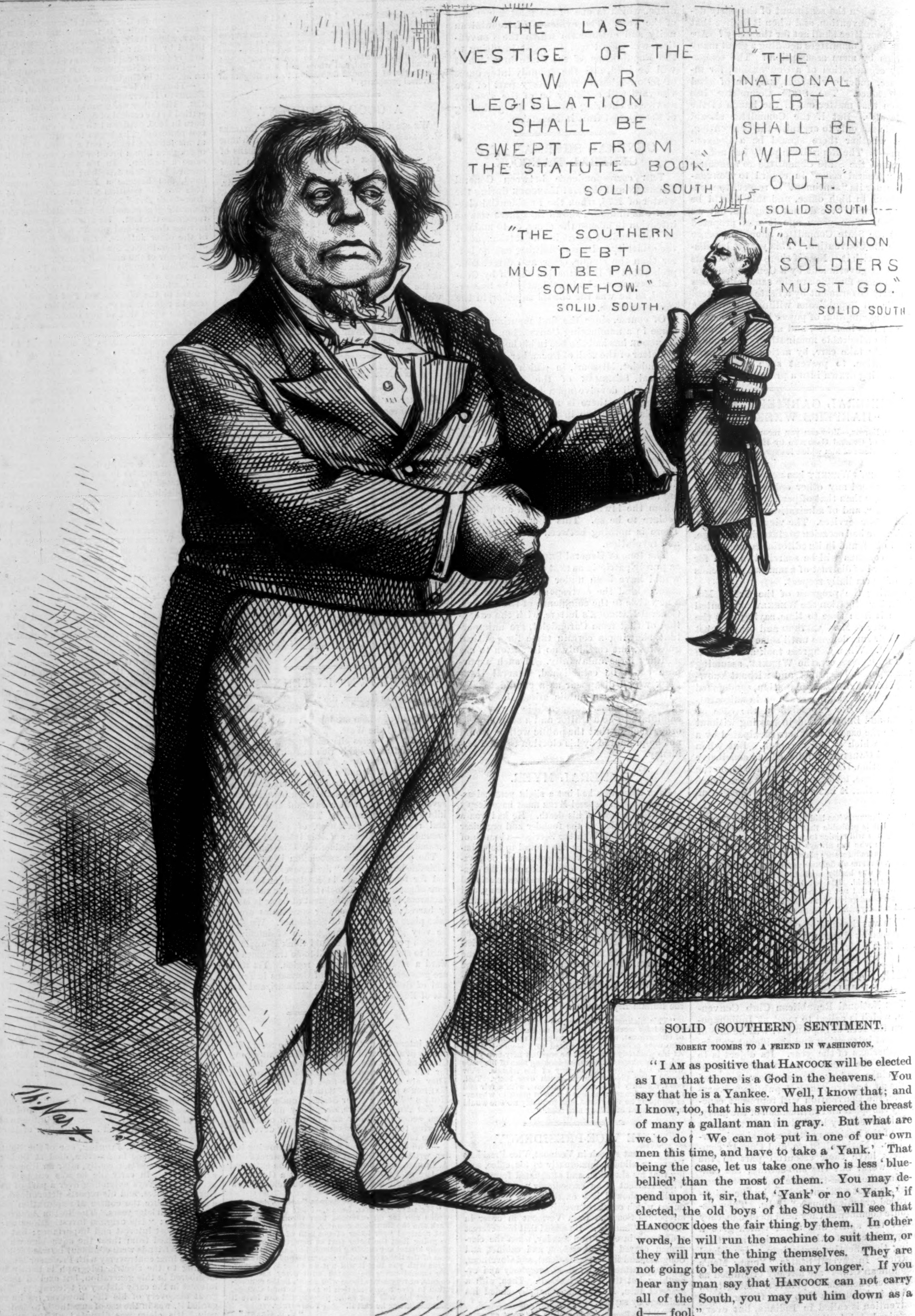
—In a British peerage list appear 498 names, of which 5 date from the thirteenth century, 5 from the fourteenth century, 11 from the fifteenth century, 20 from the sixteenth century, 67 from the seventeenth century, 119 from the eighteenth century, and 271 from the nineteenth century.

—The marriage of RUDOLPH of Austria and STEPHANIE of Belgium is set for the 18th of February next. There will be magnificent entertainments upon the occasion, and a lavish distribution of alms to the poor.

—*Vanity Fair* (London), in a sketch accompanying the portrait of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, says: "Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL is a learned, kindly, strong, pleasant, honest man. He writes with great quickness and facility, and always with great correctness, that English language of which he is so proud and so fond; and he is personally altogether one of the most delightful of men."

—Admiral GLYN, made so prominent lately by ADELAIDE NEILSON'S bequest to him of the bulk of her wealth, was formerly an intimate of the Prince of Wales, and is the brother of Lord WOLVERTON.

—Dr. CHARLES T. JACKSON, one of the lights of physical science in America, died at Somerville, Massachusetts, recently, after an illness of seven years. In early life he was engaged in geological surveys extending over a part of the Northern States, and his reports determined in a great measure the course of exploration and settlement in later years. The Boston *Advertiser* says of him: "His original investigations were of the utmost interest and importance; but he never realized from them the advantage which he and his friends were confident he was entitled to. His long controversy with Professor MORSE relating to the electric telegraph is hardly remembered in this generation, but excited much interest in the early history of telegraphy. The great discovery of his life, however, as he regarded it, was in the use of anæsthesia to destroy pain. His claim was disputed at the outset, and to the end. While Dr. JACKSON had many friends who sustained him to the last, the general result of this dispute was a bitter disappointment to him. He was a learned and enthusiastic investigator, and the value of his discoveries which were not disputed was recognized throughout the scientific world."


"THE LAST VESTIGE OF THE WAR LEGISLATION SHALL BE SWEPT FROM THE STATUTE BOOK." SOLID SOUTH
"THE NATIONAL DEBT SHALL BE WIPED OUT." SOLID SOUTH
"THE SOUTHERN DEBT MUST BE PAID SOMEHOW." SOLID. SOUTH.
"ALL UNION SOLDIERS MUST GO." SOLID SOUTH
Th. Nast.

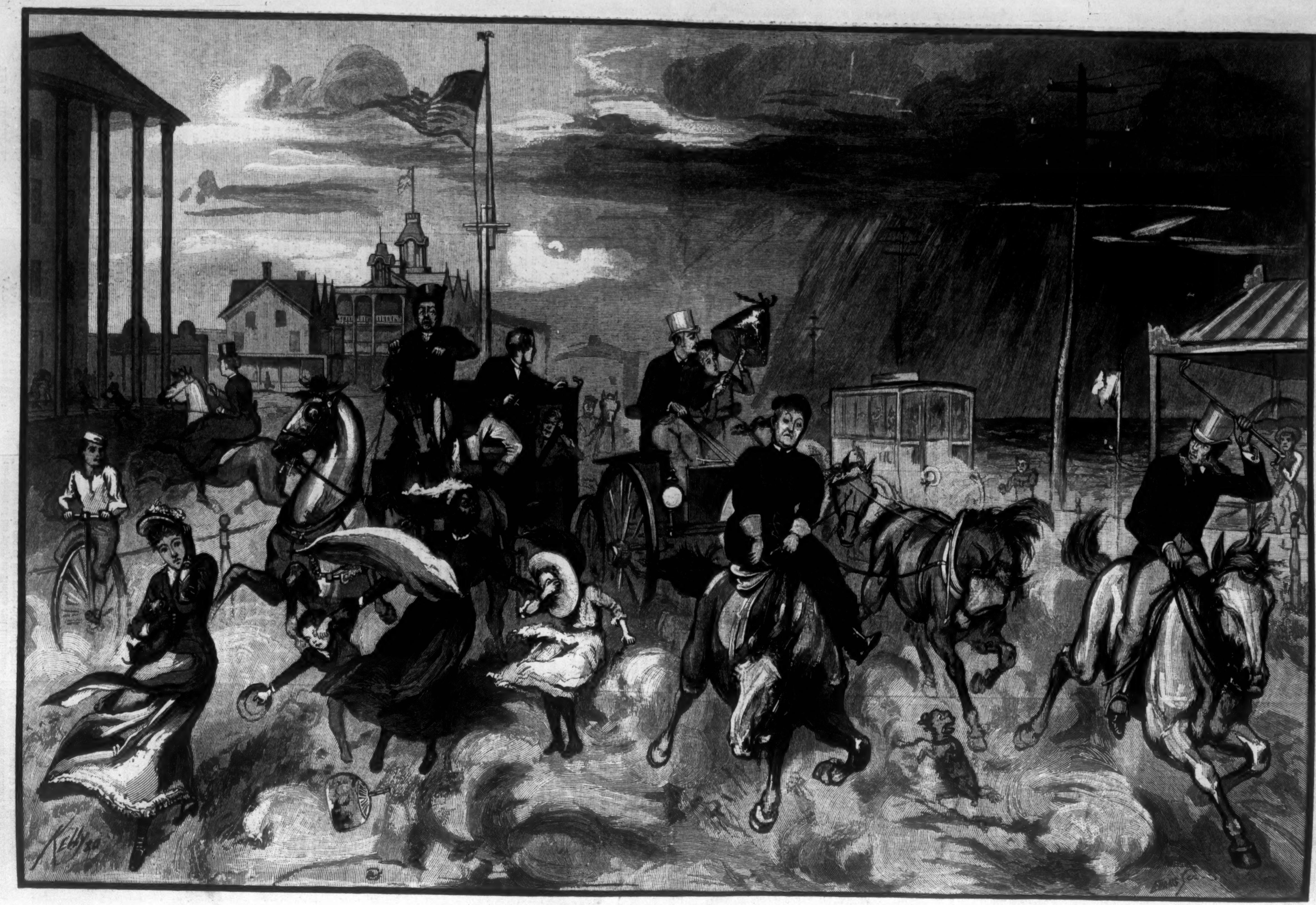
HE WILL BE GULLIVER IN THE HANDS OF THE BROBDINGNAGIANS.

BROBDINGNAG TOOMBS. "You may depend upon it, sir, that, 'Yank' or no 'Yank,' we will 'yank' you!"

## SOLID (SOUTHERN) SENTIMENT.

ROBERT TOOMBS TO A FRIEND IN WASHINGTON.

"I AM as positive that HANCOCK will be elected as I am that there is a God in the heavens. You say that he is a Yankee. Well, I know that; and I know, too, that his sword has pierced the breast of many a gallant man in gray. But what are we to do? We can not put in one of our own men this time, and have to take a 'Yank.' That being the case, let us take one who is less 'blue-bellied' than the most of them. You may depend upon it, sir, that, 'Yank' or no 'Yank,' if elected, the old boys of the South will see that HANCOCK does the fair thing by them. In other words, he will run the machine to suit them, or they will run the thing themselves. They are not going to be played with any longer. If you hear any man say that HANCOCK can not carry all of the South, you may put him down as a d—— fool."



A STORM AT LONG BRANCH.—Drawn by James E. Kelly.

## THE OBELISK.

Two illustrations relating to the obelisk have already been published in the *Weekly*, the first giving a view of the giant shaft of stone as it rose above the plains of Alexandria, the second showing the hieroglyphic inscriptions upon its four sides. In this issue we offer our readers a group of engravings wherein are depicted the removal of the huge monolith from the steamer in which it was brought to our shores, the method adopted for floating it up the bay, and other interesting details. The discussion in regard to a suitable position for this last and most important of the relics of ancient Egyptian civilization now in our possession has been brought to an end by the selection of a site to which only those who are most difficult to please can find objection. The point is one which visitors to Central Park can reach with comparatively little labor or fatigue, and where the obelisk can be viewed to great advantage. The most difficult part of the enterprise of transporting it hither has been accomplished, and we have only to wait a short time in order to see the great monolith towering above the trees of New York's beautiful pleasure-ground with the same majesty it wore when erected by Thothmes III. before the gates of the temple of Heliopolis.

It is well known that to our energetic contemporary the New York *World* belongs the honor of having originated and carried out the scheme of bringing the obelisk to America. Had it not been for newspaper "enterprise," our obelisk might have met with the neglect of the one presented to England, and been suffered to remain on the sands of Alexandria as of too little value to be carried away by the ungrateful recipients of a most unwieldy gift. It had been proved, however, that a monolith might go to sea without finding its way to the bottom of the deep, and under the direction of Commander Gorringe the transportation was successfully accomplished. The *Dessoug*, which, although built in England, was bought from the Egyptian government for the purpose of transporting the obelisk, sailed from Alexandria on June 12, reaching this port July 20. The voyage was uneventful, with the exception that when about half way across the ocean the shaft of one of the engines broke, and a delay of six days was necessary for the purpose of repairs.

Preparations for the removal of the obelisk were begun during the autumn of last year. By November the foot of the shaft, the pedestal, and its foundation had been uncovered. The base of the obelisk seemed to be somewhat irregular in its contour, but these irregularities were covered with stone and mortar, so that their extent could not then be determined. When these obstructions to the view were removed, it was found that the base of the obelisk was considerably rounded, and that it rested on two copper crabs placed at opposite corners, and a stone at a third corner, while the fourth was unsupported. This left an open space between the obelisk and the pedestal of eight and three-quarter inches, measuring in a perpendicular line. There was a thin iron wedge, wholly oxidized, on the top of the stone support.

The obelisk was placed in its position at Alexandria by Pontius, an architect who even at this day would have been entitled to a place in the front ranks of his profession. Of the crabs which were employed with such success in holding the shaft in position a representation is given in our third sketch. The bodies are about eight inches thick and twelve inches long, measuring from the head back, and sixteen inches broad. There were bars of the same material as the crabs running from their upper and lower surfaces into the obelisk and the pedestal. These bars were three and a half inches square and nine inches long, and formed with the crabs dowels by which the obelisk was securely held in its place. The dowels were surrounded and made firm in their mortises with lead. It was evident from the holes cut for the dowels that there were originally four of these crabs, the two missing ones having been probably removed at some period for their metal. The remaining crabs were much injured. The claws and legs of one were all broken, and the other had only one claw and one leg remaining. This leg had to be broken in turning the obelisk to a horizontal position. The method of sustaining the obelisk by supports placed under its rounded corners would seem to have been adopted to save shortening the monument as much as the giving of a full flat surface to its base would have necessitated. The corners may, however, have been broken off at the time the missing crabs were removed.

It is through these crabs that we obtain a clew to the story of the obelisk, or to that part of it connected with its removal to Alexandria from Heliopolis, where it was one of the many erected by Thothmes—a monarch whose piety seems to have been equal to his other endowments. On the 20th of June, 1877, an excavation was made by Mr. Dixon and the archæologist Neroutsos Bey sufficient to discover one of these crabs, and on the outside of its left claw, the only remaining claw of either crab, was found the following Greek inscription:

L. H. KAIΣAPOΣ
BAPBAPOΣ ANEΘHKE
APXITEKTONOYNTOΣ
ΠONTIOY

The first letter of this inscription, L, represents the word "year," being the old form of *lambda*, which letter in this and similar cases is the initial of the word which signifies "year." The second letter, H, represents the number 8, and the whole inscription may be translated as follows:

> "In the year eight (of the reign) of Cæsar, Barbaros erected (dedicated) (this monument), Pontius being the architect."

On the inner side of the same claw was the following inscription in Latin:

ANNO VIII
AVGVSTI CAESARIS
BARBARVS PRAEF
AEGYPTI POSVIT
ArchI-TecTanTe PonTio

—that is to say,

> "In the year eight (of the reign) of Augustus Cæsar, Barbarus, Prefect of Egypt, erected (this monument) by the architect Pontius (Pontius being the architect)."

Although to a great extent obliterated, these inscriptions were read by archæologists, and served to correct an error that had previously been held. Augustus Cæsar reigned from 29 B.C. until 14 A.D. The eighth year of his reign corresponds, therefore, to the year 22 B.C., which is the exact date of the erection at Alexandria of this obelisk and its companion, which is now in London. As they stood before the Cæsareum, or Temple of Cæsar, which is said to have been completed and dedicated under Tiberius, it was, previous to the above discovery of the inscriptions, quite generally believed that they were brought from Heliopolis during his reign (14–37 A.D.). It now appears that they were erected thirty-six years before the commencement of this reign, and only about eight years after the death of Cleopatra, and it is not improbable that the Cæsareum was commenced by her in honor of her son Cæsarion, and that the removal of the obelisks to Alexandria was accomplished during her life. This is the only explanation of the origin of the name "Cleopatra's Needle." The erection of this temple would naturally have required many years, as it is described by the historians of that period as the grandest temple of the time. The building of such an edifice was often continued through several successive reigns.

In the removal of the foundations of the obelisk there was made what is considered a very important historical discovery relating to the order of Freemasons, and confirming its claims to ancient origin. Under its southeasterly, or perhaps easterly, corner (the four sides of the obelisk did not face the four cardinal points of the compass), a piece of red or syenitic granite was found, forty-two inches square, and having its sides all carefully dressed, and its angles right angles. Immediately under this granite block, and on the same plane with the lower step, was found a piece of white stone much thinner than the other blocks, and different from anything else in the foundation. This was a limestone, and contained many small fossils, but it was all of the purest white. Below this there was another granite block, the upper part of which was cut in the form of a mason's square. Its long section was eight feet six inches by one foot five and a half inches, and its short section four feet three inches by one foot seven and three-quarter inches, measuring the length in each case from the outer angle of the square. It is twenty-one and a half inches thick, and would seem to have been originally a parallelogram eight feet six inches long by four feet three inches broad, and the form of a mason's square given to its upper surface by cutting out and lowering to the depth of nine inches that part of the stone included between the two inner lines of the square and the continuations of the transverse lines of its two ends. The lower part of the stone still has its original form of a parallelogram. The space cut out of its upper part was filled with the ordinary limestone of the foundations, so that on its first discovery only the upper surface, in the form of a mason's square, could be seen. The thinner part of the stone has been broken, perhaps by the unequal pressure that came upon it, but the part forming the square is still perfect. The long section of the square lay very near and nearly parallel to the southerly or southeasterly side of the foundations, in such a position that its easterly or northeasterly end was directly under the white stone and the granite cube already mentioned. In the same tier with the square, and touching its short section in the west or westerly angle of the foundations, there was another block of syenitic granite, the upper surface of which was very irregular. It was about three feet by five feet, but its angles were all different, and consequently no two of its sides parallel. On the same plane with the white stone, and adhering to the upper surface of a limestone block adjoining it, there was found an ordinary-sized mason's trowel. It was of iron, almost wholly oxidized, and of the shape of a longitudinal section of an egg, or of the flattened bowl of a spoon. The handle was about three-eighths of an inch in relief. The left side of the point of the blade was gone. All the rest is sufficiently perfect to be distinctly seen, and at once unmistakably recognized. That it was an ordinary mason's trowel, made of iron or steel, there can be no doubt. The mortar, or cement, and the stone are of a similar color, and of about the same hardness, and it appears that a slight depression was cut in the stone, and the trowel imbedded in the mortar. All of these symbols, the trowel, the square, the two granite blocks—which may be termed the perfect and the rough ashlars—and the white stone, are said to be in their correct positions as Masonic emblems. The emblems and their position can not be considered as the result of chance. Their full import and historical importance are, however, best understood and appreciated by the members of the order of Freemasons. That the discovery will prove to be of historic value there seems to be little doubt. There are also a few cuttings on the foundations which are not hieroglyphics, and which are said to be Masonic emblems.

Some ten years ago a stone was discovered by Mr. W. J. Shaw, while travelling abroad in search of antiquities, which affords a clew to the position occupied by the obelisk before its removal to Alexandria. At one period of his reign, probably toward the close, Thothmes III., the great monarch of the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty, whose power extended from the confines of India to the islands of the Mediterranean and to the limits of Equatorial Africa, erected several obelisks to evince the greatness of his power, or the depth of his piety, at Thebes and Heliopolis. The latter was one of the great cities of Egypt, and divided the honors of a capital with the older Memphis, the residence of the court of the Fourth and subsequent dynasties, and Thebes, which came into prominence later. Heliopolis is known in the Egyptian texts as the city *par excellence* of obelisks, and the sole survivor, still erect, which dates from the twelfth dynasty, shows that they adorned the shrine of the god Tum. The stone in question is, in the estimation of Professor Brugsch Bey, who examined it at Cairo in 1871, the only key known at this day to the once most frequented sanctuary in Egypt. This eminent archæologist made a study of the stone, and found that the hieroglyphics on the side furnished a complete explanation of the plan, and that the temple described was beyond doubt the ancient temple "On" described in the Old Testament.

The size of this remarkable key to a temple adorned by Thothmes's obelisks is four feet in length by three feet in width. In color it resembles white marble stained by age. Carved upon its top was a plan of the temple "Pe sum em anu," or "House of the Sun God Tum," at Heliopolis. According to the plan outlined on this relic, a double flight of broad steps led to the gate of the temple of the sun god, which was always closed to the public by the priests, and only opened for the kings on festival days. On each side of the stairway, at its foot, is a deep oblong cavity, marking the places in which stood enormous stone sphinxes. In the rear of the sphinxes, but not hidden by them, stood statues of the king, one on each side, and still further to the rear, and on a line with the top of the stairway, stood two obelisks. The obelisk now on board the *Dessoug* is supposed to have occupied one of the places indicated in this plan. Judging from the height of the steps, assuming that they were practicable and easy, the space occupied by each of the two would be about eight feet square. Behind each of the obelisks were two sphinxes, with their heads turned toward the temple gate, and behind these sphinxes rose the pylons, or astronomical observatories, sacred to the priests of the sanctuary. High stone walls ran to the rear from each of these observatories, inclosing the sanctuary, while at each side of the walls ran broad galleries, in extent perhaps one hundred feet. On the edges of the stone on which this plan is hewn are hieroglyphics giving a history of the temple. The carvings are extremely fine, containing a number of figures in relief below the level of the finished surface.

Surprise has frequently been expressed at the success of the Egyptians in quarrying such immense shafts of granite. In many instances their knowledge of engineering and other art may well cause amazement, but the splitting off of these huge fragments from the parent rock was accomplished in an extremely simple manner. Lines of holes were drilled in the quarry that met at right angles. Having forced stakes of dry wood into these holes, they soaked them with water, and the force developed broke the rock and released it from the quarry without running the risk that would be incurred in getting it out with implements requiring powerful blows to make them effective. So expert were the Egyptians in producing these shafts and in moving them that the largest obelisks were quarried, dressed, carved with hieroglyphics, and set up in Thebes eight months after they were ordered by the king.

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[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

# A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### HER LADYSHIP AND SABEY.

"Amy dear," said Sabey, upon the morning after Uncle Stephen's visit to Bloomsbury, "Lady Pargiter is coming here this morning."

"Lady Pargiter? And coming here?" reiterated Amy, in a tone that had at least as much disgust as surprise in it.

"Yes; I have written to her about Matthew. As to the wicked thoughts of others—what the world at large, I mean, may choose to believe of my poor husband—that is a matter for their own consciences. The uncharitable and the merciless God will judge. But this woman has been robbed by some one."

"Mr. Signet does not think so," observed Amy.

"Well, he says he does not; and perhaps he does not. But Uncle Stephen and Frank think him quite mistaken; and indeed so do we. It is impossible that any woman can be so abandoned, so heartless, as not only to have stolen those diamonds, but to suffer the blame to be laid on innocent shoulders. She lays the blame on shoulders which she honestly believes to be guilty, and that is what I can not bear. If she saw me, if she heard me—a wife speaking for her lost husband—she would be convinced that he was not to blame."

Amy shook her head. "No, Sabey, it is just because you are Matthew's wife that she would not believe you. What did you write to her?"

"I wrote to her as one woman to another, as one wife to another. I besought her for God's sake and charity's not to wrong Matthew's memory by her unjust suspicions. I said that I knew what was said against her by some persons, but that I for one did not believe her guilty."

"You said that?" exclaimed Amy.

"Yes; why not? If she is tempted to believe ill of others, am not I also tempted? Are her lost diamonds dearer to her than my lost Matthew is to me?"

"It is not that, Sabey; but I was thinking that your expressing confidence in her innocence might be of disadvantage to our friends—for has not Mr. Signet proved himself our friend?"

"Yes, I feel that. But I can not see how my letter can interfere with any proceedings of Mr. Signet; nay, if I convince Lady Pargiter of the truth, it must be beneficial to him."

"Nevertheless, darling, I am sorry you wrote without consulting with Uncle Stephen or with Frank."

"And I am sorry too so far," she answered, quietly. "Heaven knows they have a claim upon my confidence. And you—you above all, dear Amy—" Here her voice trembled and sank.

"Do not speak of me, Sabey; my advice would have been of small value."

"No, no; on the contrary, it would have been priceless. It is your words, your love, your fealty to Matthew, that keep me alive—though it is not on that account, alas! I thank you for them. But this was a matter on which I felt I could not brook advice. I had only to consult upon it one—who is not here save in the spirit. Forgive me, darling."

"My sweet Sabey, I have nothing to forgive. I only fear you may have something to regret in seeing this woman. What has Lady Pargiter written to you?"

"Only this." She put the note into Amy's hand. "Lady Pargiter will call in Cavendish Grove at 11 A.M. to-morrow."

"Do you mean to see her alone, Sabey?"

"If you do not mind—if you will not think it a want of trust in your judgment (which it is very far from being), I would rather it were so."

"By all means, darling," assented Amy. It seemed to her quite natural that Sabey should wish to make her appeal to Lady Pargiter without a witness, while she herself was much relieved by that arrangement. She had a secret apprehension that this woman, of whom she had heard so much and nothing good, might "say things" to poor Sabey which the presence of another would make more poignant.

At eleven o'clock Lady Pargiter's carriage appeared in the little crescent, where its like had never before been seen. The gigantic hammercloth seemed to brush both sides of the way; the tall footman upon the swing-board behind raked the first floor with those killing eyes which in Mayfair were wont to do execution in areas. His application to the knocker at No. 13 was for that neighborhood so unusually vigorous that its object to the affrighted Mary seemed to be to bring down the house.

With stately yet excited steps, like a hearse-horse landing from a railway truck, Lady Pargiter descended from the vehicle and was ushered into the parlor.

Sabey rose to receive her with the quiet dignity which sorrow confers upon the frailest and gentlest, and motioned her to a chair.

"I had rather stand," said Lady Pargiter.

Her voice was harsh, her manner was stern almost to ferocity. So might a hawk visiting a dove-cote have declined the hospitality of its trembling tenant. But it was not with fear that Sabey trembled.

"I received your letter, Mrs. Helston, in which you are so good as to say you acquit me of having robbed and murdered your husband."

"Indeed, Lady Pargiter, I did not put it so. I only wished you to feel that I had no sympathy with those who blamed you in this matter."

If Lady Partiger felt grateful for this she concealed the emotion with great skill, but she could not conceal her foot, which was very large, and beat upon the floor impatiently.

"Well, madam?"

"What I wished to convince you of, Lady Pargiter, was that any suspicion you might entertain of wrong done to you by my poor husband was as baseless and far more cruel than the imputation against yourself. He is not here to defend himself. I fear that he is dead."

"And my diamonds?"

This speech, though not brilliant, might have been compared with the stones she mentioned, so hard was every word as it dropped from her white lips, like beads from a string.

"It was on account of them I wrote," continued Sabey. "You are the only person I do not say who has any right—for even you have no right—but who has any excuse for thinking evil of my husband. "You have suffered a heavy loss—though as compared with mine it is small indeed—and apparently by his means—and the expression of my deep regret was therefore due to you. Above all, I earnestly desired to convince you of Matthew's innocence, Lady Pargiter," she continued, in impassioned tones. "Since his Divine Master's time a purer and more blameless man than Matthew Helston never walked this earth. I speak not as his wife—he was known to be so by all who knew him. If throughout his past there should be found a single blot of which it might be said, 'That stains him,' you might think what you will. But he is free from stain. He may have wronged himself—he did so, for of late he doubted of his own mental powers—but of wrong to others he was incapable. He was the soul of justice and of honor; to doubt him, oh, believe me, is to doubt of the beauty of yonder smiling heaven, or of the goodness of the God who made it. The bitterness of death, Lady Pargiter, is hard to bear, but the bitterness of shame is harder. Yet if it was my own shame I could bear it—suffering wrongfully; but for him—for him—oh, spare me! I will pray for you, I will work for you, I will do what you will, if you will only believe my Matthew innocent. Your heart is touched—I see it in your face—your good angel stirs within you—comfort me—comfort me—who am in such sore need of comfort, by one little word."

That there was a change in Lady Pargiter's face was true enough; and a change for the better. The expression was still hard as adamant, but the fury in her eyes was quenched. What Sabey, however, had taken for pity was contempt.

"I do not know whether it was my good angel or my own folly, woman," she said, scornfully, "but I entertain another view of you than that I held some minutes ago. Then I thought you were a scheming, lying rogue. I thought that you wanted me to forgive the thief who had stolen my property. That you dreamt of moving me by your tears and prayers and poverty—which are the stock in trade of folks like you—to bear lightly on this villain. It seems to me now that you are a silly fool. Still, you may have some sense; therefore listen. You say you will do what I will. Put that man Signet within my power; tell me something concerning him in this matter of which the law can lay firm hold—complicity, conspiracy, I care not what it is, so that I ruin him—and then—on the restitution of the jewels—I swear not to prosecute your husband."

Sabey passed her little hand over her forehead, pressing it there for a moment as she did so. "I do not understand," she murmured; "I can not have heard aright."

"I spoke plainly enough too. Of course it is always difficult, where two rogues are concerned, to pick out one for punishment and spare the other. But in this case, as I am told, it can be done. The man Signet was the ruling spirit; he was the master of your Matthew, as you call him, and therefore most to blame. As the prosecutor, I can appeal in his case to the mercy of the court. That you are poor—and have a child to keep, as I see" (the baby was asleep in its cradle, placed there, no doubt, by Sabey to move her visitor's heart), "will be all in his favor. He will get off at all events with a light sentence. Whereas Signet"—and Lady Pargiter closed her great teeth with a snap and clenched her hands and shook them, as though each clutched a phantom jeweller by the neck—"he will have his deserts."

"A light sentence! And for Matthew? You must be mad!" cried Sabey. "I tell you he is as innocent as yonder babe."

"True, I forgot. Well, once for all—poor fool—I tell you he is guilty. I got the proofs of it this very morning."

"The proofs of Matthew's guilt!"

"Yes; a most certain proof."

"You lie!" cried Sabey. Slight as she was, and compared with Lady Pargiter as a lily-of-the-valley to a Scotch thistle, she towered before her now erect, defiant, and her eyes flashed scorn for scorn.

For a moment the pitiless hawk quailed before this dove in defense of her mate. Then she answered slowly, "So it was all put on, was it? You can bluster and rate with the best—or the worst. You need say no more, madam. I am not taken in twice by anybody. And I will say only this. A week ago the man Signet, your husband's confederate—and, as I see now, yours—came to my house, and using the same tools as you have done (only they were sharper then), insulted, maligned, and defied me. I told him that the next day I should do something that would make him tremble. But I was meanwhile advised that such a step would be unwise. With the proof in my hand of which I spoke it will be no longer so. And to-morrow—to-morrow—it shall be done. That child yonder will live to curse its mother because she rejected my counsel—the last chance that was offered her to save its father from a felon's doom."

"Go, miserable woman, and do your worst!" cried Sabey, pointing to the door. "Standing there, where he had so often stood, you are committing sacrilege; to breathe the same air with you is poison to me. Go, and pray Heaven for a human heart. Go! go!"

So terrible was the scorn with which she spoke, that even Lady Pargiter bowed her stiff neck before it, and in a manner fled. Not till she found herself at the hall door with the keen wind blowing upon her did the voice of nature—or at all events of second nature—assert itself, reminding her that she was a baronet's wife, with £20,000 a year, whom it was impossible (however things looked to the contrary) that any one could have treated with disdainfulness.

Then, sitting in her roomy carriage, like a horse in a four-stall stable, the whole scene recurred to her, not as it had really happened, but as between a person of quality who had had losses, and an insolent female of the lower orders whose husband had been the cause of them, and her heart was full of hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, and within it was burning unwaveringly the flame of a great revenge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REV. DR. WILLIAM ADAMS.

The death of Rev. Dr. Adams, President of the Union Theological Seminary, and for so many years pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in this city, was a sad event in the history of the denomination to which he belonged, to the Church in general, and to the community at large. His decease, although a great shock to his friends, was not altogether unexpected. His health had been failing for several years, but he attended to his duties at the Seminary until the close of the present college year, and delivered the annual address to the alumni in May. He then went to his country home at Orange Mountain, New Jersey. He was present at the closing exercises at West Point, and delivered the address there to the cadets. There was always a strong attachment between him and his old parishioners, and the last official act of his life was to perform a marriage ceremony, June 17. On the same afternoon he went to consult his physician, who told him that his days were numbered.

The distinguished clergyman was born in Colchester, Connecticut, January 27, 1807. He received his early education from his father, John Adams, the eminent teacher and philanthropist, who graduated from Yale in 1795, and who died in 1863, and who had the title of LL.D. bestowed upon him by alma mater. Under his father's practical training William prepared for Yale, from which he was graduated in 1827. Upon leaving Yale young Adams went to the Andover Theological Seminary, and upon being licensed to preach passed several years in his native State. He came to this city in 1834, being called to the pastorate of the old Broome Street Central Presbyterian Church. His amiable disposition, high scholarship, and gentle and polished manner won his congregation over to him at once. He was acknowledged to be one of the rising ministers of the day. For thirty-nine years he was identified with the church. He saw the small and apparently insignificant congregation swell to an extent that demanded the enlargement of the old building, and the ultimate transfer to a larger, more suitable and substantial building, which, since 1854—it was begun in 1853—has been known as the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, one of the richest and most independent congregations in the city. In 1852 Dr. Adams was Moderator of the New School General Assembly. He was also active in promoting the Old and New School Churches' reunion in 1870–71. He resisted many calls to leave New York, and had many tempting offers from large churches in London. In 1871 he was elected Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, but declined the offer. Two years later, when Mr. John Crosby Brown offered to endow the seminary with $300,000 if Dr. Adams would accept the Presidency of the institution, he resigned his pastorate, and became the head of the Seminary. Since then, however, he was a constant attendant at the church, and last winter he preached several times, upon the resignation of Mr. Tucker, who had succeeded him, and before Mr. Parkhurst came.

Dr. Adams was remarkable for his fine personal appearance. He had a commanding figure, a graceful, dignified presence, and a courtly address. When a young man he was six feet tall, and possessed a light, elastic step. His great energy and indefatigable industry kept him constantly employed at some task. His cheerful disposition and conversational powers made him an amiable companion. He had a large acquaintance with men prominent in all the professions in this country and Europe.

Among Dr. Adams's published works are sermons, addresses, articles in reviews, and the following volumes: *The Three Gardens—Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise; or, Man's Ruin, Redemption, and Restoration*, 1856; *Thanksgiving: Memories of the Day, and Helps to the Habit*, 1867; *Conversations of Jesus Christ with Representative Men*, 1868. He wrote a great many miscellaneous articles, treating nearly every subject of importance that came up in the religious world. He was also identified largely with various religious and charitable organizations in this city.

## A CURIOUS FESTIVAL IN EGYPT.

During the month of Chewal numerous religious solemnities are performed in Cairo. A visitor who witnessed a regular operatic representation—the procession of the Sacred Carpet, which lasted three days—gives the following description of the scene:

"Toward half past eight in the morning we mounted our donkeys, and made our way to the Mousky, at the extremity of which the procession was to pass. As it came from the citadel, at some distance from this spot, we went to meet it, winding along the long, narrow, crooked streets through which it had to pass. The crowd was such that we could only proceed at a walking pace, and were carried along by the human torrent. The entrances of the houses, the windows, the terraces, the steps of the mosques, were thronged with visitors, and were dazzling with the many hues of a thousand showy costumes. In the whole throng of people we were the only Europeans. We finally reached the base of the citadel which overlooks the town, where we stopped and waited the passing of the procession. On that day the ceremony consisted only in the carrying of the carpet and the offerings destined for the tombs of Mecca and Medina from the citadel to the mosque of Hossein. This was, so to speak, the prologue of the great feast. None but Mussulmans witness this solemnity, which, in my opinion, is the most interesting of all.

"A little after ten o'clock the cannon is heard, announcing the departure of the procession. Soon we perceive, from the elevation of our saddles, which enables us to overlook the crowd, a battalion of Egyptian infantry, preceded by five sappers!—real sappers, after the French fashion, with beards, hatchets, leather aprons, and gigantic bearskin caps. The modern Egyptian sappers are a sight not easily to be forgotten; in their semi-European dress—here in the neighborhood of the Pyramids—they have all the appearance of the most grotesque of masqueraders. So much for the Egyptian sappers. The soldiers are dressed like the French Zouaves, save that they wear the tarbouch, or fez, without the roll of white linen that simulates a turban. Among them are men of all colors, and not a few Soudan negroes. A barbarous band executes Turkish and Arab airs in the minor key; the music is inexpressibly melancholy, funereal, meandering, and vague.

"Then come several beys and pashas, blazing with gold-lace, on prancing horses, and sheikhs and oulemas, with turbans and embroidered cloaks, also on horseback. Donkeys follow in the rear, loaded with camping equipments for the caravan—tents, bales, cords, etc.

"We presently saw advancing in the distance a scaffolding, swaying as it moved, on which were hung two large curtains of green velvet, embroidered with gold. These were the curtains destined to the Kaaba. One man, perched on the top of the scaffolding, holds them in place, while the whole machine is drawn on wheels and with ropes by at least a hundred men. More donkeys follow, carrying immense cylinders, round which are rolled the carpets which are to cover the tombs of the parents of the Prophet. These are covered with verses of the Koran, embroidered in gold and silver. The green carpet for the tomb of Mohammed is also embroidered with gold.

"As all these objects are borne along, the women, in token of rejoicing, utter a gentle yet vibrating murmur, a sort of trembling low cooing, like that of doves, inimitable and indescribable, but of mysterious and striking effect. The men accompanying the sacred offering chant verses from the Koran. A large number have in one hand a kind of diminutive *daraboukka*, or tambourine, while with the other they beat upon the skin of the instrument with a short stick, in rapid measure, like that of a charge beaten on the drum. All the trade corporations, bearing countless banners of all colors, are in the procession. After them come men bearing long iron pikes, the top of which ends in a sort of grating, and is covered with a piece of stuff. These are the light-bearers of the caravan. In this sort of cage pieces of flaming resinous wood will be placed, to guide the pilgrims through the desert at night.

"Here come the camels at last. The first carries a tent of cloth of gold, studded with diamonds and pearls, in which all the offerings, carpets, etc., going to Mecca and to Medina are to be deposited. This is called *Al Makhmyl*. Upon the second camel, decorated with red draperies and feathers, sits a big fat man, naked to the waist, and reclining in a listless posture, with black beard and black hair flowing in the wind, and swaying himself to and fro, to express his ecstasy at having been chosen for the sacred mission. This is the *Sheikh-al-gamal*, the chief of the camels; he does not leave the camel bearing the presents night or day. He is naked and bare-headed, in order to inure himself to all weathers. After him follow seven or eight camels carrying various bales, and mounted by men and children playing strange airs upon rude pipes. Behind these we notice divers brotherhoods, and more trade corporations, with many-colored banners.

"On the second day an amiable effendi of my acquaintance had promised to fetch me in order to take me within the walls of the citadel, thus introducing me behind the scenes of the performance. At eight o'clock in the morning the effendi was underneath my balcony; and together we proceeded to the square of Karamaïdan, following the square of Roumelyeh, and which is situated in the interior of the citadel. Here we found drawn up the infantry and cavalry, with the five sappers. In the middle, on the northwest side of the square, was a platform erected for the Viceroy, who is always represented by a minister. At the sound of the cannon the camel bearing the tent of cloth of gold passed seven times before the platform, and then joined the procession with the other camels. This time, however, all the curtains and carpets were inclosed in the tent; there were no trade corporations with their banners, nor men beating their drums, so that the ceremony, more important officially, was less picturesque. Outside, upon the square of Roumelyeh, was a large crowd, among which were numbers of Europeans, on horseback, on donkeys, and in carriages.

"The third day, for a very long time, on the road from Cairo to the Abbassyeh, there might have been seen about half way, in the desert, a camp of Bashi-Bazouks, a kind of irregular cavalry, composed of Albanians, the escort of the caravan, consisting of four hundred men and four pieces of cannon. The chief of the troop has the life and death of every pilgrim in his power during the whole journey. A Bashi-Bazouk having that morning shot and killed a man of the caravan, the departure was put off till the following day, which was Sunday. We went, notwithstanding, on Saturday, to the spot to see the preparations. There were two or three thousand camels, and a crowd of men, women, and children. How many were destined to fall by the way—to succumb to the heat, to the fatigue, to disease! The journey from here to Mecca takes forty days, and as much for the return."

From the above it may be gathered that the people—the true people—of Egypt are still in the Middle Ages. These festivals and pilgrimages, all this gold and silver embroidery, these diamonds and pearls, which are renewed every year, cost millions of money; and it is the people who pay for it. It is lamentable to reflect upon this, but when the marvellous and unique spectacle is seen for the first time, the spectator can only gaze with bewildered eyes, and reflection comes when it has vanished.

## COLD BEDROOMS.

It is always a matter of great moment to maintain an equable temperature in the bedroom. A bedroom the air of which is subject to great and frequent and rapid changes of temperature is always a trap for danger. To persons who are in the prime of life, and who are in robust health, this danger is less pronounced, but to the young and the feeble it is a most serious danger. It is specially dangerous to aged people to sleep in a room that is easily lowered in warmth. When the great waves of cold come in the winter season, old people begin to drop off with a rapidity that is perfectly startling. We take up the list of deaths during these seasons, and the most marked of facts is the number of deceased aged persons. It is like an epidemic of death by old age. The public mind accepts this record as indicative of a general change of external conditions, and of a mortality, therefore, that is necessary as a result of that change. I would not myself dispute that there is a line of truth and sound common-sense and common observation in this view, but when we descend from the general to the particular we find that much of the mortality seen in such excess amongst the aged is induced by mistakes on the subject of warmth in the bedroom.

The fatal event comes about somewhat in this way. The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting before going to bed has been warmed probably up to summer heat; a light meal has been taken before retiring to rest, and then the bedroom is entered. The bedroom perchance has no fire in it, or if a fire be lighted, provision is not made to keep it alight for more than an hour or two. The result is that in the early part of the morning, from three to four o'clock, when the temperature of the air in all parts is lowest, the glow from the fire or stove which should warm the room has ceased, and the room is cold to an extreme degree. In country houses the water will often be found frozen in the hand-basins or ewers under these conditions.

Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowly and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent, it may be, of thirty or forty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale; and though he may be fairly covered with bedclothes, he is receiving into his lungs this cold air, by which the circulation through the lungs is materially modified.

The condition of the body itself is at this very time unfavorable for meeting any emergency. In the period between midnight and six in the morning the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. Physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by one of our old writers "the hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life-giving sun has been longest withdrawn from man, and the hearts that are even the strongest beat then with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest, and death is nearest to us all, in "the hours of fate."

The safest method is to have the air of the room, a short time before it is occupied, brought up to a uniform temperature of from 60° to 65° Fahr. It should never fall five degrees below 60° and never rise above 65° under ordinary circumstances. In cases where the occupant of the room is extremely enfeebled it may be necessary to raise the temperature to a higher point, but I am thinking at this moment of sleepers who are in fair health, and for whom no such special provision is required.

A mistake is sometimes made in observing the temperature. The reading of the thermometer is taken in one part of the room only, perhaps in the warmest part, that is to say, over the fire-place or from the mantel-shelf. This is not a fair observation, for a room at that part may be very warm, while it is very cold in other parts. The temperature should, properly, be taken at the bed's head, about two feet above the pillow, and that is the best position in which to keep the thermometer, with which every bedroom ought to be furnished. An ordinary thermometer suffices as a general index, but a registering instrument is most advantageous when particular care is demanded in observation.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lawyer and a preacher were discussing the direction of the wind. The former said, "We go by the court-house vane." "And we go by the church vane," replied the parson. "In the matter of wind that is the best authority," said the lawyer. And the preacher went home to cogitate.

Patient. "Then, according to you, doctor, in order to live at all, I must give up all that makes life worth living?"

Doctor. "I'm afraid so—at least for a few years."

Patient. "Perhaps you'd recommend me to marry?"

Doctor (*a confirmed bachelor*). "Oh no. Come, my dear fellow, it's not quite so bad as all that, you know."

A girl asked a druggist friend to tell her an easy way to take castor-oil. He invited her to take a glass of soda-water, exclaiming after she had drunk it, "There! you have taken the oil in that glass of soda-water." "Oh dear!" she replied, "I am so sorry, for it was for my mother I wanted it."

"Dashaway is a great reader, isn't he?" asked Jones, the unsophisticated. "Never heard that he was. Why do you ask?" Smith replied. "Why, at the races, the other day, while the rest of us were enjoying the sport, he talked of nothing but his books." "Oh!"

"Mamma," said a little girl, "as people get old does their hair grow quarrelsome?" "Why, no, my child; what ever put such a notion in your head?" "I thought it must be so, ma, because I heard that old people's hair is constantly falling out."

Her mother said the little creature lived on love; but one month after marriage, when the grocery bill came in, he saw that he had made the greatest oversight of his life by not ascertaining what that particular love was for.

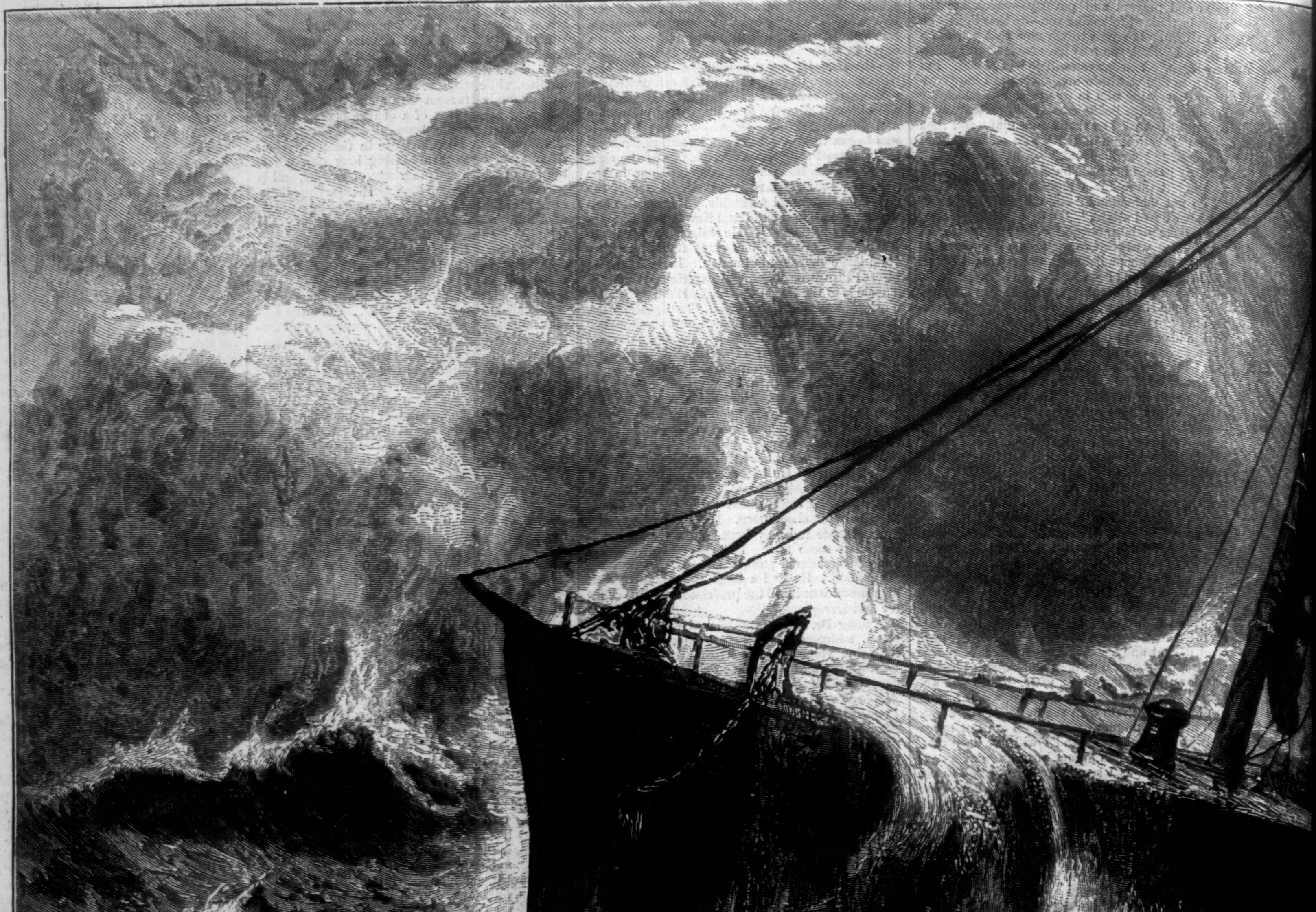
"Hole on dar," said a colored man, hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross de street ebbery time yer sees me ter keep frum payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't, sah." "What fur, den?" "Ter keep frum bein' axed fur it."

"What must I do," asked a mean and conceited man of a friend who knew him well, "to get a picture of the one I love most?" "Sit for your own picture," was the reply.

A party of Boston capitalists are reported to be "preparing to establish an Angora goat industry." Let them anger a goat once, and they'll find all the industry displayed they'll want to get away from.

Of all the bottles that have been thrown overboard from imperiled ships, no despairing man gave up hope so utterly as to fling into the sea a bottle of fine old brandy.

A dentist pulled from a patient's mouth one of his stoutest molars, instead of the defective tooth which stood next to it. Furious reproaches from the unfortunate patient. The dentist, for a moment disconcerted, regained his usual aplomb. "See here," said he, "why does one have a decayed tooth pulled out? It is to save the others. Now that is just what I have done. I have saved the only sound tooth you have—by isolating it."



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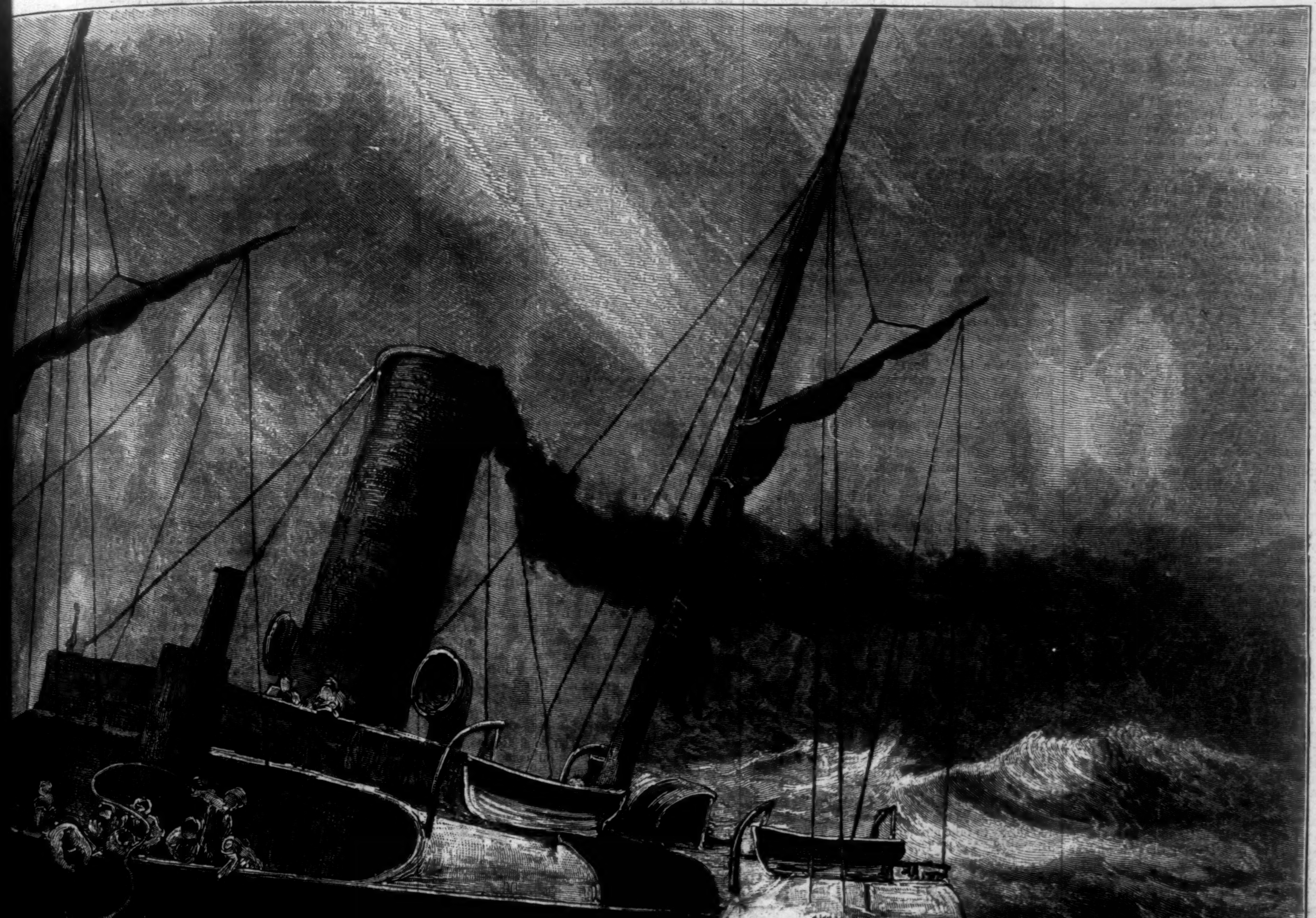


DE E POEM ON PAGE 602.]

## OUT OF THE DEEP.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

Under the stormy skies, whose wan, white light
  Fell slant and cold upon the surging wave—
  Upon the sad road of the cruel wave—
There was a little boat which day and night
Had held its freight of dead and dying in the sight
  Of Him who dwelleth in Eternity.

Out of the shuddering cold, out of the deep,
  Into the warmth of life, and love, and rest—
  Into the sweet content of grateful rest—
They came. The angels did not sleep
Who had a charge concerning souls to keep:
  The saving ship had followed their behest.

Poor weary souls! If their eyes could have seen
  The shining footsteps on the deep, wet ways—
  Making so still the deep and perilous ways—
Ah, then how calm their troubled hearts had been!
The chafing surge and winds had heard between
  Their roar a sigh of human praise.

Dear soul, this is a parable. Thou hast
  Been shipwrecked oft upon life's stormy sea—
  Left all alone upon life's stormy sea—
And yet some saving vessel always passed,
And to thy trembling hands the life-line cast:
  And as it has been, so it still shall be.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

# ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

## CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

"AND VOLATILE AS AYE WAS HIS USAGE."

They strolled through the shady groves on the margin of the rippling lake, faintly stirred by lightest zephyrs. They admired the marble figures of nymph and dryad, which Martha thought would have looked better if they had been more elaborately clad. They wasted half an hour in happy idleness, enjoying the air, the cool umbrage of lime and chestnut, the glory of the distant light yonder on greensward or blue placid lake, enjoying Nature as she should be enjoyed, in perfect carelessness of mind and heart—as Horace enjoyed his Sabine wood, singing his idle praise of Lalage as he wandered, empty of care.

They found at last an utterly secluded spot, where no eye of military or civil authority could reach them.

"Now if you two young ladies will only be patient, and amuse yourselves here for a quarter of an hour or so, I will see what can be done in the smuggling line," said the unknown.

"I could stay here for a week," said Daphne, establishing herself comfortably on the velvet turf, while Martha pulled out her work-bag and resumed her crochet-hook. "Take your time, Mr. Nero. I am going to sleep."

She threw off the muslin hat, and laid her cheek upon the soft mossy bank, letting the pale golden hair fall like a veil over her neck and shoulders. They were in the heart of a green bosquet, far from the palace, far from the beaten track of tourists. Nero stopped at a curve in the path to look back at the recumbent figure, the sunny falling hair, the exquisite tint of cheek and chin and lips, just touched by the sun-ray glinting through a break in the foliage. He stood for a few moments admiring this living picture, and then walked slowly down the avenue.

"A curious idle way of wasting a day," he mused; "but when a man has nothing particular to do with his days he may as well waste them one way as another. How lovely the child is in her imperfection: a faulty beauty—a faulty nature—but full of fascination! I must write a description of her in my next letter to my dear one. How interested she would feel in this childish, undisciplined character!"

But somehow when his next letter to the lady of his love came to be written he was in a lazy mood, and did not mention Daphne. The subject, to be interesting, required to be treated in detail, and he did not feel himself equal to the task.

"Isn't he nice?" asked Daphne, when the unknown had departed.

"He is very gentleman-like," assented Martha, "but still I feel we are doing wrong in encouraging him."

"Encouraging him!" echoed her school-fellow. "You talk as if he were a stray cur that had followed us."

"You perfectly well know what I mean, Daphne. It can not be right to get acquainted with a strange gentleman as we have done. I wouldn't have mamma or Jane know of it for the world."

"Then don't tell them," said Daphne, yawning listlessly, and opening her outspread palm for a nondescript green insect to crawl over it.

"But it seems such a want of candor," objected Martha.

"Then tell them, and defy them. But whatever you do, don't be fussy, you dear, good-natured old Martha; for of all things fussiness is the most detestable in hot weather. As for Mr. Nero, he will be off and away across the Jura before to-morrow night, I dare say, and he will forget us, and we shall forget him, and the thing will be all over and done with. I wish he would bring us our luncheon. I am yawning from very emptiness."

"I feel rather faint," admitted Martha, who thought it ungenteel to confess absolute hunger. "That bread we get for breakfast is all holes. Shall you tell your sister about Mr. Nero?"

"That depends. I may, perhaps, if I should be hard up for something to say to her."

"Don't you think she would be angry?"

"She never is angry. She is all sweetness and goodness and belief in other people. I have spent very little of my life with her, or I should be ever so much better than I am. I should have grown up like her, perhaps—or just a little like her, for I'm afraid the clay is different—if my father would have let me be brought up at home."

"And he wouldn't?" asked Martha.

She had heard her friend's history very often, or as much of it as Daphne cared to tell, but she was always interested in the subject, and encouraged her school-fellow's egotism. Daphne's people belonged to a world which Miss Dibb could never hope to enter; though perhaps Daphne's father, Sir Vernon Lawford, had no larger income than Mr. Dibb, whose furniture and general surroundings were the best and most gorgeous that money could buy.

"No. When I was a little thing I was sent to a lady at Brighton who kept a select school for little things, because my father could not bear a small child about the house. When I grew too tall for my frocks, and was all stocking and long hair, I was transferred to a very superior establishment at Leamington, because my father could not be worried by the spectacle of an awkward growing girl. When I grew still taller, and was almost a young woman, I was packed off to Madame Tolmache to be finished; and I am to be finished early next year, I believe, and then I am to go home, and my father will have to endure me."

"How nice for you to go home for good! And your home is very beautiful, is it not?" asked Martha, who had heard it described a hundred times.

"It is a lovely house in Warwickshire, all amongst meadows and winding streams—a long low white house, don't you know, with no end of verandas and balconies. I have been there very little, as you may imagine, but I love the dear old place all the same."

"I don't think I should like to live so far in the country," said Martha. "Clapham is so much nicer."

"Connais pas," said Daphne, indifferently.

The unknown came sauntering back along the leafy arcade, but not alone; an individual quite as fashionably clad, and of appearance as gentleman-like, walked a pace or two behind him.

"Well, young ladies, I have succeeded splendidly as a smuggler; but I thought two could bring more than one, so I engaged an ally. Now, Dickson, produce the Clicquot."

The individual addressed as Dickson took a gold-topped pint bottle out of each side pocket. He then, from some crafty lurking-place, drew forth a crockery-incased pie, some knives and forks, and a couple of napkins, while Nero emptied his own pockets and spread their contents on the turf. He had brought some wonderful cherries—riper and sweeter-looking than French fruit usually is—several small white paper packages which suggested confectionery, a tumbler, and half a dozen rolls, which he had artfully disposed in his various pockets.

"We must have looked rather bulky," he said; "but I suppose the custodians of the place were too sleepy to take any notice of us. The nippers, Dickson? Yes! Thoughtful man! You can come back in an hour for the bottles and the pie dish."

Dickson bowed respectfully, and retired.

"Is that your valet?" asked Daphne.

"He has the misfortune to fill that thankless office."

Daphne burst out laughing.

"And you travel with your own servant?" she exclaimed. "It is too absurd. Do you know that yesterday I took you for a poor strolling artist, and I felt that it would be an act of charity to give you half a guinea for that sketch."

"You would not have obtained it from me for a thousand half-guineas. No; I do not belong to the hard-up section of humanity. Perhaps many a penniless scamp is a better and a happier man than I; but although poverty is the school for heroes, I have never regretted that it was not my lot to be a pupil in that particular academy. And now, young ladies, fall to, if you please. Here is a Périgord pie, which I am assured is the best that Strasburg can produce, and here are a few pretty tiny kickshaws in the way of pastry; and here, to wash these trifles down, is a bottle of the Widow Clicquot's Champagne."

"I don't know that I ever tasted Champagne in my life," said Daphne.

"How odd!" cried Martha. "What! not at juvenile parties?"

"I have never been at any juvenile parties."

"We have it so often at home," said Martha, with a swelling consciousness of belonging to wealthy people. "At picnics, and whenever there is company to luncheon. The grown-ups have it every evening at dinner, if they like. Papa takes a particular pride in his Champagne."

They grouped themselves upon the grass, hidden from all the outside world by rich summer foliage, much more alone than they had been yesterday in the heart of the forest. Honest Martha Dibb, who had been sorely affronted at the free-and-easiness of yesterday's simple meal, offered no objection to the luxurious feast of to-day. A man who travelled with his valet, and stopped at the best hotel in the place, could not be altogether an objectionable person. The whole thing was unconventional—slightly incorrect even—but there was no longer any fear that they were making friends with a vagabond, who might turn up in after-life and ask for small loans.

"He is evidently a gentleman," thought Martha, quite overcome by the gentility of the valet. "I dare say papa and mamma would be glad to know him."

Her spirits enlivened by the Champagne, Miss Dibb became talkative.

"Do you know Clapham Common?" she asked the stranger.

"I have heard of such a place. I believe I have driven past it occasionally on my way to Epsom," he answered, listlessly, with his eyes on Daphne, who was seated in a lazy attitude, her back supported by the trunk of a lime-tree, her head resting against the brown bark, which made a sombre background for her yellow hair, her arms hanging loose at her sides in perfect restfulness, her face and attitude alike expressing a dreamy softness, as of one for whom the present hour is enough, and all time and life beyond it no more than a vague dream. She had just touched the brim of the Champagne glass with her lips, and that was all. She had pronounced the Périgord pie the nastiest thing that she had ever tasted, and she had lunched luxuriously upon pastry and cherries.

"I live on Clapham Common when I am at home," said Martha. "Papa has bought a large house, built in the Greek style, and we have ever so many hot-houses. Papa takes particular pride in his grapes and pines. Are you fond of pines?"

"Not particularly," answered Nero, stifling a yawn. "And where do you live when you are at home, my pretty Poppæa?" he asked, smiling at Daphne, who had lifted one languid arm to convey a ripe red cherry to lips that were as fresh and rosy as the fruit.

"In Oxford Street," answered Daphne, coolly.

Miss Dibb's eyebrows went up in horrified wonder; she gave a little gasp, as who should say, "This is too much!" but did not venture a contradiction.

"In Oxford Street? Why, that is quite a business thoroughfare. Is your father in trade?"

"Yes. He keeps an Italian warehouse."

Martha became as red as a turkey-cock. This was a liberty which she felt she ought to resent at once; but, sooth to say, the matter-of-fact Martha had a wholesome awe of her friend. Daphne was very sweet; Daphne and she were sworn allies; but Daphne had a sharp tongue, and could let fly little feathery shafts of speech, half playful, half satiric, that pierced her friend to the quick.

"I hope there is nothing that I need be ashamed of in my father's trade," she said, gravely.

"Of course not," faltered the stranger. "Trade is a most honorable employment of capital and intelligence. I have the greatest respect for the trading classes; but—"

"But you seemed surprised when I told you my father's position."

"Yes; I confess that I was surprised. You don't look like a tradesman's daughter, somehow. If you had told me that your father was a painter, or a poet, or an actor even, I should have thought it the most natural thing in the world. You look as if you were allied to the arts."

"Is that a polite way of saying that I don't look quite respectable?"

"I am not going to tell you what I mean. You would say I was paying you compliments, and I believe you have tabooed all compliments. I may be ruder than Petruchio—didn't you tell me so in the forest yesterday?—but any attempt at playing Sir Charles Grandison will be resented."

"I certainly like you best when you are rude," answered Daphne.

She was not as animated as she had been yesterday during their homeward walk. The heat and the utter stillness of the spot invited silence and repose. She was, perhaps, a little tired by the exploration of the château. She sat under the drooping branches of the lime, whose blossoms sweetened all the air, half in light, half in shadow, while Martha, who had eaten a hearty luncheon, and consumed nearly a pint of Clicquot, plodded on with her crochet-work, and tried to keep the unknown in conversation.

She asked him if he had seen this, and that, and the other—operas, theatres, horticultural fêtes—laboring hard to make him understand that her people were in the very best society—as if opera boxes and horticultural fêtes meant society!—and succeeded only in boring him outrageously.

He would have been content to sit in dreamy silence, watching Daphne eat her cherries. Such an occupation seemed best suited to the sultry summer silence—the perfumed atmosphere.

But Martha thought silence must mean dullness.

"We are dreadfully quiet to-day," she said. "We must do something to get the steam up. Shall we have some riddles? I know lots of good ones that I didn't ask you yesterday."

"Please don't," cried Nero; "I am not equal to it. I think a single conundrum would crush me. Let us sit and dream.

"'How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height.'"

Martha looked round inquiringly. She did not see either myrrh bush or height in the landscape. They were in a level bit of the park, shut in by trees.

"Is that poetry?" she asked.

"Well, it's the nearest approach to it that the last half century has produced," replied the unknown, and then he went on quoting:

"'But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly),
  With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
  His waters from the purple hill!'

Poppæa, I wish you and I were queen and king of a Lotos island, and could idle away our lives in perpetual summer."

"We should soon grow tired of it," answered Daphne. "I am like the little boy in the French story-book: I like all the seasons. And I dare say you skate, hunt, and do all manner of things that couldn't be done in summer."

"True, my astute empress. But when one is sitting under lime boughs on such a day as this, eternal summer seems your only idea of happiness."

He gave himself up to idle musing. Yes; he was surprised, disappointed even, at the notion of this bright-haired nymph's parentage. There was no discredit in being a tradesman's daughter. He was very far from feeling a contempt for commerce. There were reasons in his own history why he should have considerable respect for successful trade. But for this girl he had imagined a different pedigree. She had a high-bred air—even in her reckless unconventionality—which accorded ill with his idea of a prosperous tradesman's daughter. There was a poetry in her every look and movement, a wild untutored grace, which was the strangest of all flowers to have blossomed in a parlor behind a London shop. Reared in the smoke and grime of Oxford Street! Brought up amidst ever-present considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence! The girl and her surroundings were so incongruous that the mere idea of them worried him.

"And by-and-by she will marry some bloated butcher or pompous coach-builder, and spend all her days among the newly rich," he thought. "She will grow into the fat wife of a fat alderman, and overdress and overeat herself, and live a life of prosperous vulgarity."

The notion was painful to him, and he was obliged to remind himself that there was very little likelihood of his ever seeing this girl again, so that the natural commonplaceness of her fate could make very little difference to him.

"Better to be vulgarly prosperous and live to be a great-grandmother than to fulfill the prophecy written on her hand," he said to himself. "What does it matter? Let us enjoy to-day, stretched at ease under our arching vines, and let the long line of to-morrows rest in the shadow that wraps the unknown future. To-morrow I shall be on my way to Geneva, panting and stifling in a padded railway carriage, with oily Frenchmen, who will insist upon having the windows up through the heat and dust of the long summer day, and I shall look back with envy to this delicious afternoon."

They sat under the limes for a couple of hours, talking a little now and then in a desultory way; Martha trying her hardest to impress the unknown with the grandeurs and splendors of Lebanon Lodge, Clapham Common; Daphne saying very little, content to sit in the shade and dream. Then, having taken their fill of rest and shadow, they ventured out into the sun, and went to see the famous grapery, and then Martha looked at her watch and protested that they must go home to tea. Miss Toby would be expecting them.

Nero went with them to the gates of the palace, and would fain have gone further, but Daphne begged him to leave them there.

"You would only frighten our poor governess," she said. "She would think it quite a terrible thing for us to have made your acquaintance. Please go back to your hotel at once."

"If you command me to do so, I must obey," said Nero, politely.

He shook hands with them for the first time, gravely lifted his hat, and walked across to his hotel. It was on the opposite side of the way, a big white house, with a garden in front of it, and a fountain playing. The two girls stood in the shadow watching him.

"He really is very nice," said Martha. "I think mamma would like to have him at one of her dinner parties. But he did not tell us anything about himself, did he?"

Daphne did not hear her. There was hardly room in that girlish brain for all the thoughts that were crowding into it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN ELECTION DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

On the green fields of the Campus Martius at Rome might be seen, two thousand years ago, a spectacle not unlike that which is soon to be witnessed in New York. The chief magistrates of Rome and Italy were elected by the same machinery that is employed in every modern republic. There were the ballot and the ballot-box, the registration of the voters, the inspectors of election, the rapid counting, the declaration of the result, the candidates, the excited people, the strife of parties, the disappointed, the triumphant. But at Rome the whole voting population of Italy was supposed to assemble in one spot beneath the Capitoline Hill. Under one auspice alone could the election be held, and the immense throng of voters who sometimes gathered in a period of unusual interest filled all the open space along the Tiber, and covered the roofs and houses of the city. It is easy to imagine the striking scene. At dawn a trumpet sounded from the wall, calling the people to their sacred duty. The whole male population of the city assembled, and showed in one brilliant point of view its power and prosperity. All ranks and orders were at last blended into one common equality before the requirements of the law. The noble, clad in his robe of white and purple, whose palace looked down from the Palatine on the busy streets below, had no more apparent authority at the polls than the laborer who came from the distant fields of Latium. The knight, enriched by usury and fruitful contracts, covered with rings and jewels, was mingled in the same class with the honest farmer of the Apennines. The mechanic, the trader, the lawyer, and the priest voted together in the same hundred, and were registered on the same scroll.

All these traits of an election we have borrowed from Rome. The register, ballot-box, candidates, inspectors, are adopted in every free State. Even the names of our officials are Latin. We owe much of our political instruction to the intelligent people who founded the Roman Republic, and exhibited to antiquity their imperfect idea of human equality before the law. For more than five hundred years the Romans met annually to record their votes in the Campus Martius, the candidates sought the suffrages of the people, the consuls were chosen to rule over the republic. The candidates on these occasions were the chief objects of interest. Clad in glittering robes of white, they came at early dawn to stand before their countrymen. Sometimes they seem, as in the time of young Scipio, to have been arranged in a line together; at others they took some high place where they could be seen by all. They were suppliants asking the support and favors of the community. It was late in their history before the Romans ceased to pay respect to the majesty of the people, or forgot that singular lesson which had been taught them by the lowered fasces of Publicola, and which was practiced by the astute Augustus.

To win his office the Roman candidate labored with a zeal and anxiety unknown to the modern. He was self-nominated, self-supported, self-maintained. No caucus or convention selected him, no committee took from his shoulders the labors of the campaign, no general levy or party tax relieved him of its burdens. He paid his own expenses, he did his own canvassing, and months and years were sometimes passed in seeking political advancement. Cicero spent a year in canvassing for his consulship. He began his candidacy July, 689, was elected July, 690, and entered upon his office January 1, 691. "I shall begin my canvass," he writes to Atticus, "in the Campus Martius the 17th of July, at the meeting of the tribes," etc. In his white robe, stately, graceful, modest, the great orator must have passed through the streets of Rome and over the pavements of the Forum, so recently uncovered, eagerly asking the favors of the people. It was by personal solicitation that the candidate made his laborious canvass. He seized by the hand every one he met, and begged his vote. He flattered, he appealed to his own past services. He promised new favors. Sometimes he bribed, and the immense sums spent at a Roman election of the later period surpassed even those of the most corrupt of modern constituencies. It is not likely that Cicero in his year of labor spent money in this way, but he was far from nice in his mode of conducting his campaign. He begged the aid of all his friends; he joined himself to several associates, whom he allowed to be dishonest, to win their votes; he was even ready to defend his competitor Catiline in a cause in which he knew him to be guilty, to soften his opposition. To the modern taste the great orator and moralist must seem an unscrupulous demagogue and office-seeker. To himself he was a model of purity compared to the feeble or degraded men who were his rivals, to Gallus, Cornificius, or Catiline.

The most remarkable of modern political campaigns is that of Mr. Gladstone through Scotland, and never was the power of a great intellect, joined to incessant labor, more conspicuous or successful. But it is quite certain that the English politician to gain his aim would never have defended a Catiline or asked favors of the swindler Satrius. The labors of a Roman candidate grew with the advance of the nation. In the early age a Scipio Nasica shook the hard hand of the Roman farmer, and envied him; Cato, the red-haired fiery reformer, was always sure of the votes of the farming class. They flocked into the city at every election from Sabini and Etruria to defend their austere champion. Cato and Scipio need not go far from the Forum to meet their constituents. But Cicero, it would appear, was forced to travel north as far as the Po to carry on his canvass in Cisalpine Gaul. Here he must have employed the system of hand-shaking, solicitation, caresses, promises, in all its prosperous cities. The difference between our own method and that of Rome will become clearer if we could fancy a Garfield or a Hancock, clothed in a conspicuous dress, passing up and down the streets of New York or Cincinnati, shaking hands with every one he met, asking his vote, often refused with contempt, like Galba; still smiling, still hopeful, prosecuting day after day for one or two years this difficult duty; a public *professus*, or office-seeker, the candidate for the favors of the people.

At length the great day arrived—the annual election of Rome for more than five centuries, that had decided the hopes of so many candidates from the dawn of freedom to its close, the model of all future elections in Europe and America. The polling boxes were prepared in the Campus Martius; the ballots were arranged to be given to the voters—they were probably small tablets of wood; the wooden bridge was erected, over which every century passed into a separate inclosure; the inspectors were appointed, and the registers prepared. In the gray dawn of morning the voters poured into the excited city. The farmers from the Abruzzi, the rich land-owners of the south, the adopted voters from Gaul, the remnants of the ancient tribes who had once filled all the environs of Rome with plenty, the people of the Aventine and the Palatine, gathered to the annual contest. It was a fair day in June or July. The standard waved from the Janiculum. No peal of thunder must be heard, nor even an ominous cloud be seen, or the whole proceeding was unhallowed and lost. The consuls opened the election with prayer and sacrifice; the whole multitude awaited, awe-stricken, until the ceremony closed; and then, divided into their tribes and centuries, they began to move over the bridge. A lot decided which century should vote first. One by one the others followed. Nothing was heard perhaps but the dropping of the wooden ballots into the chest, and the cry of the herald as he announced the vote of every hundred. Far away over the green fields of the Campus Martius—fresh with flowers, shaded with groves, watered by innumerable rills—stretched the eager multitude, awaiting the result. Nor is it unlikely that when the choice of the chief magistrates of the civilized world was made known a shout of triumph rang over the assembly, the victorious applause of the masters of mankind.

The Forum at last ceased to summon its voters. The ballot-box was banished. The citizen became a slave. The tyrants contemned the miserable Romans, once the masters of mankind. Slavery corrupted, the want of education brutified, the fearful education of the gladiatorial games reduced to savage barbarism, the voters of the Forum. Republicanism lives only in virtue and knowledge. Yet singularly enough after eighteen centuries the ballot and the ballot-box are once more revived at Rome. The Campus Martius, covered with its modern city, no longer the lovely plain described by Strabo and Dionysius, once more resounds with the tread of the eager throngs of voters. The ballot-box has outlived the Capitoline Temple and the portico of Flaminius, and with education and virtue Italy may once more be free.

The ballot-box calls out the latent virtue of the people. In the great contest which is passing over us, our candidates are of less importance than the cause they represent, and it is easy to discover in our political contest the two contending principles that for nearly five centuries met in an annual conflict at Rome. On the one side we have a fierce oligarchy, a party that if it had the power would banish the ballot-box or corrupt it; that rules South Carolina by violence, and in Mississippi scoffs at free thought and free speech; that prefers ignorance to knowledge, and lives only by its reactionary vigor. And we have the great Republican party of free schools, free speech, popular equality, and humanitarian growth; that relies for its support on the common-school system, common-sense, and a general good-will, and that has conducted the nation to a degree of prosperity such as it has never known before. At Rome the popular party perished for want of knowledge; in the New World it conquers because it has armed itself with intelligence.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## THE HAVANA STEAM-SHIP "NEWPORT."

JOHN ROACH & SON never sent from their shipyard at Chester a finer specimen of naval architecture than the new steam-ship *Newport*, constructed for the Messrs. WARD, of this city, of which we give an illustration on page 605. It may be doubted whether, for combined strength and elegance, for beauty of interior finish, for comfort and safety, she has an equal afloat.

The *Newport* is three hundred and forty-seven feet long, thirty-eight feet six inches beam, and twenty-six feet hold, having two decks proper and a hurricane deck. Her tonnage is rated at 2735 tons. Every new invention for the safety and speed, adding to the comforts of an ocean steamer, has been applied in her construction. All of her deck houses are of iron, thoroughly fire-proof, ceiled inside with air-spaces between the iron houses and the wooden casings, with an iron house around the engines extending over five feet above the hurricane deck. The hull is built of the best plate iron (the largest plate being twelve feet by six and a half feet), triple riveted, and the angle-irons being unusually heavy. The plating is of five-eighths iron, with the exception of the garboard and deck strokes, which are of seven-eighths iron. She has two iron decks and six water-tight transverse bulk-heads. The shaft alley is inclosed by two longitudinal bulk-heads, which prevent the entrance of water into the engine or boiler rooms in case of accident to the after-part of the vessel.

Her interior decorations are very elegant, and in excellent taste. The woods used in the joiner-work are Hungarian and American ash, amaranth, mahogany, maple, French walnut, white holly, ebony inlaid with rare woods, and other hard woods of the choicest tints. The general design is a combination of Queen ANNE and EASTLAKE styles. The upholstering of the vessel is noticeably rich, from the exquisite table-covers of maroon satin brocatelle, embroidered in white marguerites, in the saloons, to the pretty lambrequins of combination colors in the state-rooms. The curtains in the main saloons are rich maroon satin brocatelle, and the trimmings are sumptuous on curtains, lambrequins, and table-covers.

There are elegant and commodious accommodations for about eighty first-class passengers. The ladies' saloon, the ladies' toilet-room, and the gentlemen's smoking-room are superb specimens of workmanship. The smoking-room is oval in shape, twenty-four feet in length, is lighted from a dome skylight, and is furnished with five card-tables. The captain's room, immediately abaft the pilot-house, the chief engineer's and other officers' state-rooms, the barber-shop, bath-rooms, pantry, and steward's apartments, are also furnished in keeping with the rest of the ship, and in excellent taste. There are also the galley, butcher-shop, bakery, laundry, surgery, hospital, and store-rooms, all of which are fitted up on a liberal scale. Electric bells connect every part of the vessel with the captain's, purser's, and steward's rooms.

The finish of the main saloon is artistic in the highest degree. Each end presents a blaze of mirrors. The revolving chairs and settees are richly upholstered in purple velvet, which forms a pleasing contrast to the rich carpets and silk blinds of the side-lights. The skylights and side-lights diffuse a modulated light over the whole apartment. Illumination is afforded at night by an array of lamps suspended from the ceiling. The gangway stairs leading to the promenade deck are considered one of the finest pieces of inlaid or marquetry work ever attempted.

An excellent feature in the *Newport* is the roomy space and comfortable accommodation provided for steerage passengers. Ventilation, light, good berths, plenty of water, and tables supplied with a plenty of wholesome food make this part of the vessel present a marked contrast with the quarters ordinarily provided for passengers of this class.

The motive power of the *Newport* is calculated to make her a very fast ship. Compound engines—high pressure, forty-eight inches; low pressure, ninety inches—with a four-foot-and-a-half stroke; six boilers, and eighteen furnaces; a propeller seventeen feet in diameter, twenty-six feet mean pitch, and intended to carry eighty pounds pressure, are considered by the engineer, GARRET VAN IDERSTEIN, of sufficient calibre to show a rate of speed that will bring Havana and New York within almost three days of each other. In addition to her steam motive power the *Newport* is schooner-rigged, and carries fore and main sails, topsails, two jibs, main and main-topmast stay-sails, and a large flying square sail capable of aiding her considerably when the breeze is strong. Besides the ordinary steering apparatus, the *Newport* is fitted with machinery for steering by steam, so perfect that she can be handled as easily as a cat-boat. Her means of safety in case of wreck are of the most approved order, comprising an abundance of life-boats and life-rafts, which are constantly supplied with provisions, water, sails, oars, compasses, etc.

The commander of the *Newport*, Captain J. B. SUNDBERG, Commodore of the WARD line of steamers, is a hale, hearty sailor who has passed forty-five of his sixty years on the sea, most of the time in the Cuban trade. He is a thorough seaman, a first-class navigator, a gentleman of the old school, and a great favorite with his passengers. He has commanded successively the *Cuba*, the *Liberty*, the old *Saratoga* (which was purchased by the Russians as a cruiser), and the hew *Saratoga*, which took her place in the line. It is to be hoped that he may long live to enjoy his new command.

The WARD fleet of Cuban steamers now comprises four vessels—the *Newport*; the *Saratoga*, Captain T. S. CURTIS; the *Niagara*, Captain J. B. BAKER; and the *Santiago*, Captain S. F. PHILLIPS. The latter runs to Santiago de Cuba and Cienfuegos, on the southern coast of the island; each of the others to Havana only.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE increasing number of summer hotels and boarding-houses which are yearly springing up all over our country, and their thronged condition, give great importance and interest to a paper just issued by the Massachusetts State Board of Health. The attention of the authorities having been directed to the sanitary arrangements of these resorts, a thorough examination has been made of many of these places on the coast and in the interior of the State. After investigating the condition of no less than one hundred and fifty summer places, the startling conclusion has been reached "that it is the rarest exception that a summer hotel is properly drained." What proves to be a general rule in Massachusetts will probably have no fewer exceptions in other parts of our country. That there is so little resulting sickness, comparatively, is due to the season of the year tempting people to live mainly out-of-doors. But many seeds of disease are thus admitted which are afterward developed. It is time that public attention was called to this subject.

The London *Daily News*, in a description of the *Cesarewitch*, the fastest mail-steamer on the Caspian Sea, says that its boilers are heated by petroleum refuse instead of coal—a system which effects an enormous saving of expense and labor, the heating apparatus being as thoroughly under control as a gas jet, and requiring but one man to manipulate it. It is proposed to apply the same system of heating to locomotives.

The preservation of tombstones and monuments is a question of much importance. From observations made and reported to the Royal Society of Edinburgh it was found that the calcareous rocks—marbles and limestones—yield quickly, as a rule, to atmospheric influences. Slabs of freestone and other unlaminated sand rocks were, however, found to be so enduring that the sharpness of the cut letters is hardly blunted after a century's exposure.

It is understood that when the Empress Eugénie goes to her future home in Switzerland this autumn the remains of her husband and son will be removed to the oratory attached to the château. All the furniture of her English house not taken with her will be distributed among friends, nothing being allowed to pass under the hammer of the auctioneer.

It is estimated that there are about one hundred thousand Italians in America, of whom more than fifteen thousand live in New York city. They are the lowest of their class in point of ignorance and character, and yet are generally considered to be a peaceable and quiet people.

The merit of being the cleanest city in the United States must be given to Boston. The Board of Health has control of the removal of mud, dust, garbage, offal, and ashes, under a system almost perfect in its details. Everything is utilized, so there is very little waste, and the results are clean streets, a free harbor, and a healthy city.

A rare article of freight was seen at the Pittsburgh dépôt lately. It was a chubby, round-faced, bright-looking boy of eleven years, who had travelled as a piece of express matter from some place in Texas. He had a paper tag tied to him, just as though he were a piece of merchandise, and on the tag was written the address of his consignee. He was entered on the way-bills and manifests just like any other freight, and as he passed from the hand of one express messenger to another he was duly receipted for.

A counterfeit trade dollar was recently detected in which the centre was entirely scooped out and filled with solder, leaving a thin silver plate on each side, and the remarkable fact was that the weight and ring of the genuine coin were so successfully imitated that only the merest accident discovered the fraud. It is believed that this counterfeit was made in China.

The fourth year of the Boston Society for Wood-Carving, established at the Museum of Fine Arts, opens this fall. It offers most solid instruction in moulding in clay and plaster, and in the several steps of carving in wood, and gives admirable opportunity for young ladies who have just left school, and who are anxious to go on with their education, or for all who are glad to insure an artistic occupation for their mornings.

The largest peach orchard in the world is said to be in Georgia. It covers two hundred and fifty acres of land, and has yielded about $70,000 worth of peaches.

A law of Maine provides that every medical student, before he receives his "M.D.," shall dissect, another law provides that no bodies shall be dissected except those of executed criminals, and still another law abolishes capital punishment. So every young physician must break one of these complicated laws.

The oyster trade has opened this season with unusually good prospects. The size and excellence of the crop exceed anything known for many years. The improvements made in packing and storing this luscious bivalve give the inland towns every advantage in obtaining fresh oysters, which once were confined to sea-board places.

Recent news from Siam gives an account of the death of the queen and one of her children by drowning. They were going up a river to join the king at his summer palace, when their boat was run down by a steam-launch, and nearly every person on board was drowned. The king was so overcome by the news that he is said to have fainted in the arms of his secretary. The bodies of the queen and child were recovered, and brought to the city amid great lamentation and sorrow.

An American millionaire lady recently gave a breakfast to a select number of American friends at her Trouville cottage, on the coast of France. The costliness of the table service and decorations reminds one of the *Arabian Nights*. Not only gold, silver, and priceless porcelain were used, but amber, coral, and precious stones were pressed into the service. Ices were served on crystal plates inlaid with uncut gems, and wine and liquors sparkled in flasks of amber, or were contained in flagons of gold, cloisonné, and enamel.

A strong interest in Buddhism seems to be indicated by the announcement that fifteen thousand copies of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" have been sold in this country.

For many years a valuable collection of portraits of distinguished citizens has been kept in the City Hall, in the Governor's Room, rarely accessible to the public. Lately they have been scattered in other rooms, and this change has resulted in injury to the paintings. Many of them are fine works of art, and there are no other copies in existence. It has been proposed to remove the entire collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where suitable care can be taken for their preservation.

The venerable wooden church at Litchfield, Connecticut, where Dr. Lyman Beecher preached from 1810 to 1826, is still standing, although removed a short distance from where it originally stood, in order to make room for a building of modern style. It is severely simple in its architecture, and is esteemed by the Litchfield people as a valuable relic.

So many spurious St. Bernard dogs are now offered for sale that the authorities in charge of the hospital on Mount St. Bernard have ordered that hereafter a register of all dogs born there or on Mount Simplon shall be kept, with a minute description of the animals, and the names of their purchasers.

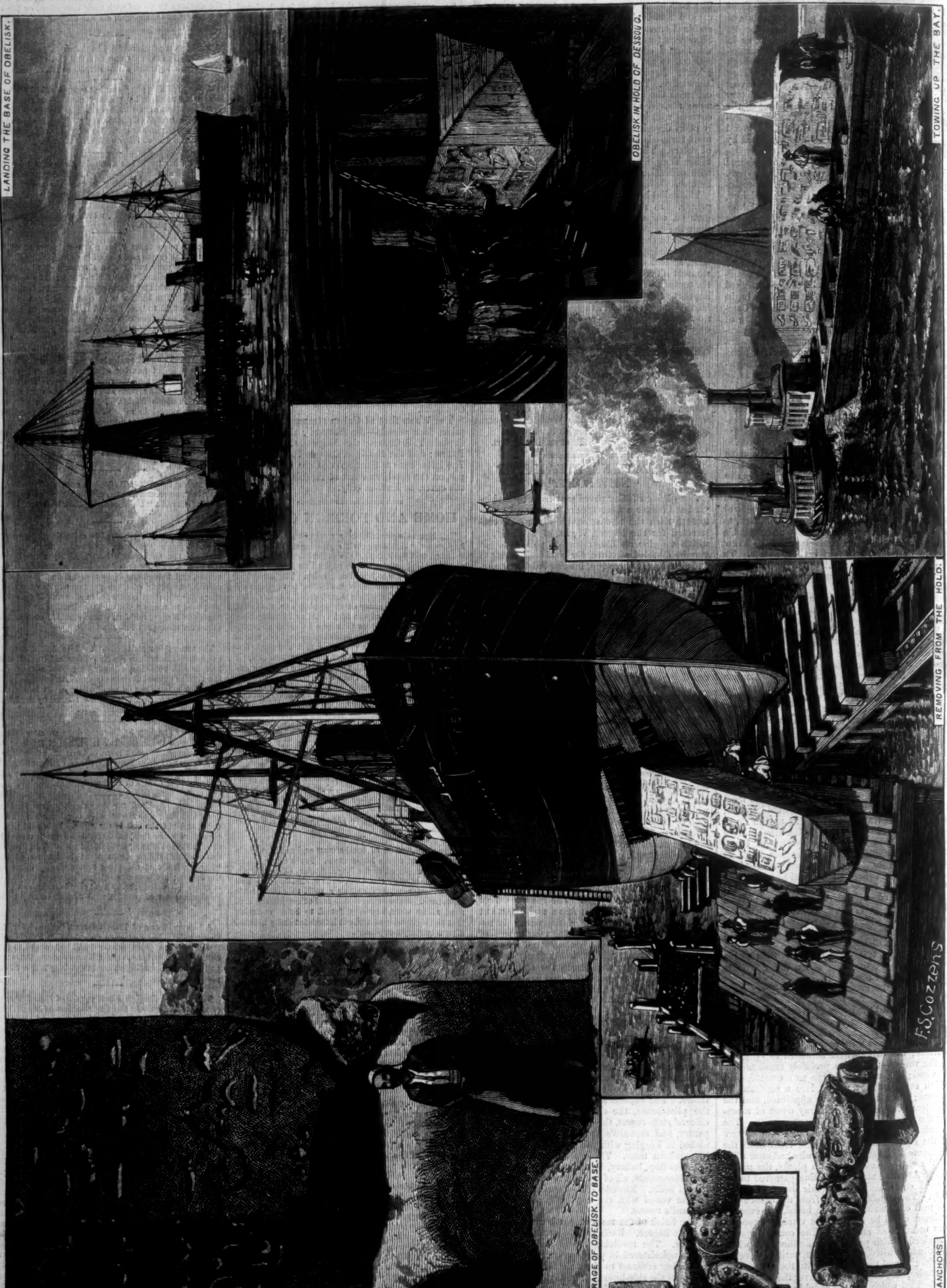
The great demand for apartment-houses in New York city has led to the erection of a large number of them, and yet the call is for more. It is said that a capital of more than $2,000,000 has been invested in these houses within a period of six years. The "apartment-house" differs from what is known as the "French flat": in a flat the rooms can be taken by the month; in the apartment-house the engagement is only for the entire year. Great care is taken as to the good character of persons who wish to occupy these houses.

A bronze statue of Robert Burns, designed for the Central Park, has just been completed in Edinburgh. It weighs about three tons, and will be brought to this country on one of the Anchor Line steamers, that company, it is said, having offered to convey it free of expense.

The London *Musical World* speaks of the advantage of the use of gold in the construction of musical instruments. Of the four metals distinguished as capable of being hardened to spring temper, and in that state possessing more or less power of vibration—steel, brass, nickel, and gold—none equals gold, if combined with copper or silver, for ductility and power of vibration. An experiment was made in the use of gold wire for the strings of the piano, with marked results. Not only was the tone considerably increased, but its quality was materially improved. It has also been used in other instruments with equal success. The extra expense can hardly be weighed against the advantages gained by its use.

The lemon is being cultivated in Florida with such good results that it is expected that State will furnish lemons in a few years as bountifully as it does oranges now.

A very curious volume, and one possessing much interest for collectors of American portraits, says the *Continental Gazette*, has recently been placed for sale in the hands of M. Viart, the noted bric-à-brac dealer of the Rue Châteaudun. It consists of some hundreds of silhouette portraits of the celebrities of some forty years ago, and the value of the likenesses is in many instances enhanced by the autograph of the personage represented. Among the portraits are to be found those of Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Edwin Forrest, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, and John Ross, the famous Cherokee chief. The collection, which was evidently formed by some artist in silhouettes, would be of great value to any one engaged in illustrating a history of New York, as it comprises many likenesses of those lawyers, divines, and physicians of that city who were prominent personages about the year 1840. The book is also enriched by a number of newspaper clippings, illustrative of the deeds of the originals of the portraits.


LANDING THE BASE OF OBELISK.
OBELISK IN HOLD OF DESSOUG.
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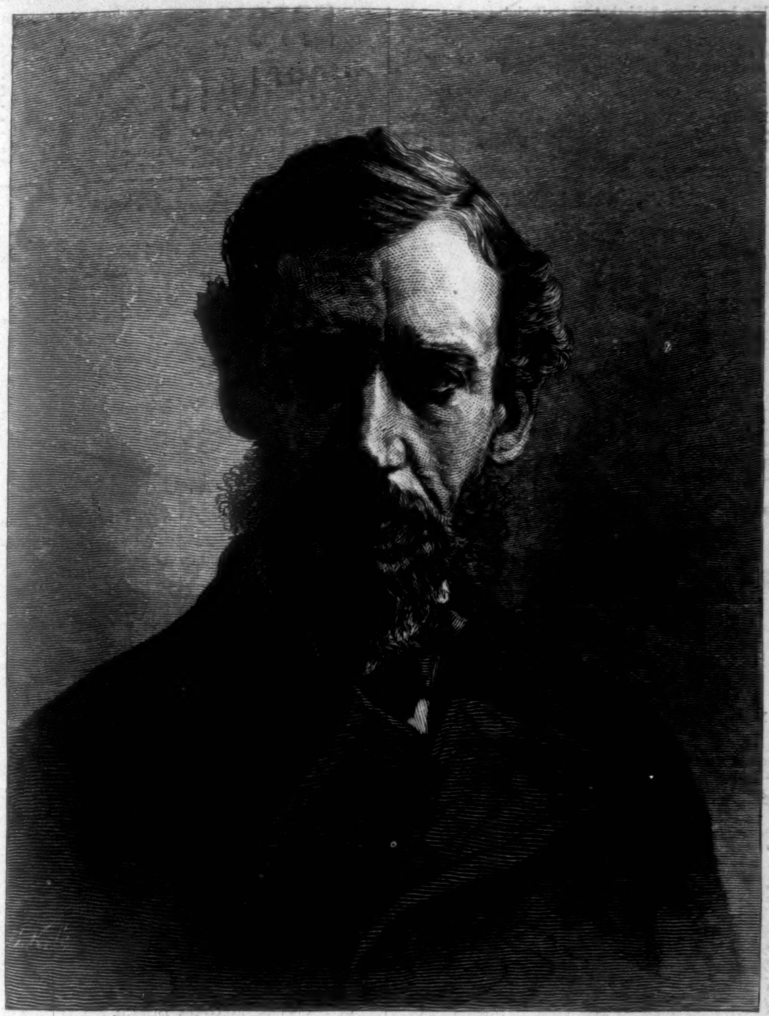
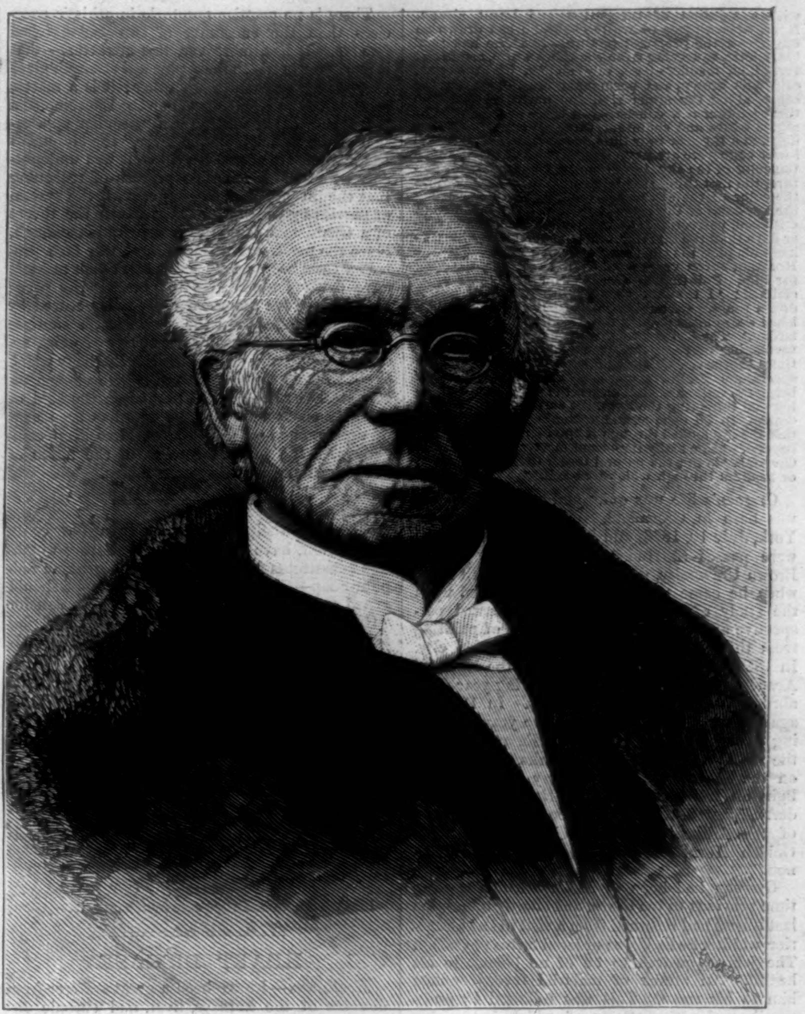
COPPER CRABS OR ANCHORS.

THE OBELISK—THE PROCESS OF REMOVAL FROM THE "DESSOUG."—From Sketches by F. S. Cozzens.—[See Page 598.]



SANFORD R. GIFFORD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.



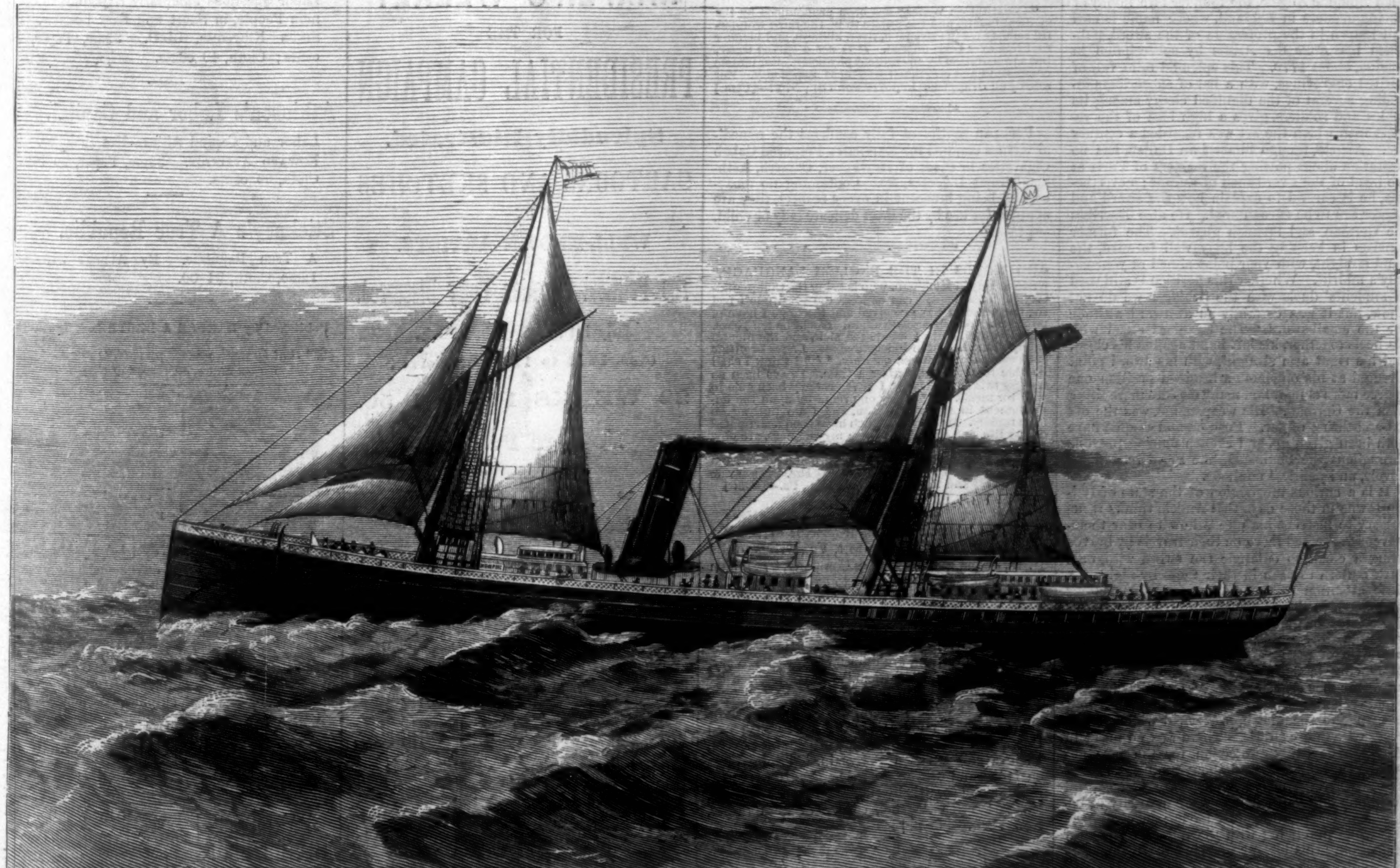
THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., LL.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

## SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

BY the death of SANFORD R. GIFFORD a great master has been lost to the landscape art of America. It is true that the range of his art was not large. He had not the variety of CHURCH, and several other American painters; but in his chosen field, in the delineation of those aspects of nature with which his mind was in closest sympathy, he was unapproachable. He loved the glow of sunlight suffusing the atmosphere, and our glorious Indian summer was his favorite season. His pictures seemed to palpitate with light. No other artist equalled him in the power of expressing the atmospheric effects which are characteristic of his work. The peculiar methods by which these effects were produced were best described by himself, shortly before his last illness, in an interview with a writer for the New York *Evening Post*:

"Landscape painting, he said, was air painting; and the object of the landscape painter was to reproduce the impression made upon him by beautiful natural scenery—and he emphasized the word 'beautiful.' When he saw anything that vividly impressed him, his habit was to make at once a small pencil sketch of it on a piece of paper not larger than an ordinary visiting-card. On returning to New York after a summer trip, his pockets contained many such souvenirs, which subsequently were resketched in oil, on a larger scale, the canvas being, say, twelve inches by eight, and the time consumed not more than two hours. When one of these oil studies was finished, he was about ready to paint a picture from it. The preliminary experimenting—the processes of selection and rejection—had been accomplished; he waited only for a favorable day on which to begin—a day when he was in his best condition physically, and when he felt just like undertaking the task. When that day came, he entered his studio soon after sunrise, locked the door, and worked until just before sunset, resting only a few minutes at noon for a frugal luncheon of bread and coffee. If any visitor called, there was no answer to his knocking. Neither friends nor potentates could gain admission to GIFFORD's study on that first great day, when for ten, eleven, or twelve consecutive hours he was getting his picture on canvas. His inspiration was at fever heat; he did not criticise his work; he simply did it as the *afflatus* moved him. No first day was long enough for the ardent painter, and very often at the end of it so much had been accomplished that even an artist friend stepping into his studio the next morning would often express his surprise that GIFFORD intended to touch the painting again. The rapidity and momentum had been Michaelangelesque.

"On that initial day GIFFORD had begun, he said, by staining the disagreeable, glaring white of his canvas



THE NEW STEAM-SHIP "NEWPORT," OF WARD'S HAVANA LINE.—FROM A PICTURE BY ANTONIO JACOBSON.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

with a solution of turpentine and burnt sienna. Next, with a piece of white chalk, he had drawn an outline of the proposed picture. Next, he had 'set' his palette, squeezing from the tubes white, cadmium, vermilion, madder-lake, raw sienna, burnt sienna, caledonia brown, and permanent blue, one after the other, along the upper rim, and putting just below them another row consisting of three or four tints of mixed white and cadmium, three or four tints of orange, and three or four tints of green, while along the lower edge were arranged several tints of blue. Since the color of the sky was to be the key-note of his picture, the first thing that he painted was the horizon—the color of the sky at the horizon, this color being the key-note of the color of the air. The business of criticism, correction, and completion belonged to other days than the first day, and Gifford always liked to keep his picture in his studio as long as possible—the Horatian seven years would not have been too long for him. Pointing to a canvas on the easel, he exclaimed: 'I thought that picture was done half a dozen times. Certainly it might have been called finished six months ago. I was working at it all day yesterday.' The last act in the regular process was the varnishing of the painting with boiled oil so many times that a veil was left between the canvas and the spectator's eye, the farther away any object the denser being the veil. This veil served the purpose of reflecting and refracting the light, the surface of the canvas ceasing to be opaque, and becoming transparent, so that the eye looked through it upon and into the scene beyond. 'The really important matter,' observed Mr. Gifford, 'is not the natural object itself, but the veil or medium through which we see it.'"

Gifford's life was quiet and uneventful. He was born in Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York, July 10, 1823, and his boyhood and youth were passed at Hudson. In 1842 he entered Brown University, where he remained until 1844, when he came to New York and entered upon the study of his profession. He learned perspective and other technical elements of painting from the engraver John R. Smith, of this city. In 1854 he became a member of the National Academy of Design, and the following year went abroad for a visit of two years. In 1868 he again went abroad, and spent two years sketching in Italy, Greece, Syria, and Egypt. Among the most well-known of his works are "Sunrise on the Sea-Shore," "Shrewsbury River," "Twilight on Hunter Mountain," "Home in the Wilderness," "San Giorgio, Venice," "Fishing-Boats of the Adriatic," "Pallanza," "Tivoli," "The Golden Horn," "Brindisi," and "The Parthenon."

Gifford had been in feeble health for some time previous to his death, and shortly before his last illness had returned from a visit to Lake Superior, whither he had been ordered by his physician. The journey proved to be of no benefit to his health. An attack of malarial fever confined him to his room. This was followed by pneumonia, under the effects of which he quickly sank, and on the morning of August 29 he quietly passed away. He was a genial, lovable man, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

## THE ART OF FENCING.

The glory of having perfected fencing and the sword belongs to the French. They discarded the edge altogether, and by using the left arm only to balance the body, they attained to the maximum of ease and rapidity in the lunge. Their weapon was a triangular blade, hollowed between the edges, so as to combine the greatest degree of strength compatible with lightness. Their reforms were by no means universally accepted when Dominic Angelo, the founder of a family of fencing-masters in England, whose name is still well known in the profession of the sword, published his *École des Armes* by subscription in London, about 1770. This splendid folio, full of spirited engravings, with a list of subscribers including several of the dignified clergy among its nobles and soldiers, gives a high idea of the respect with which the art was regarded a century ago. Angelo, though himself an Italian, has no hesitation about putting the masters of Paris at the head of the swordsmen of Europe; nevertheless, he is careful to explain how the sword and dagger are to be encountered. He also describes the German and Spanish guards. The former consists in keeping the body well forward, the hand straight, with your point aimed at your enemy's midriff. Whether this position is still used in students' duels with the Schläger we do not know, but it was certainly an awkward attitude for the small-sword. The Spaniard stood with his heels together, his left hand against his chest, and his right arm straight, with his sword point directed at his opponent's head—a position one degree more clumsy and many degrees more tiring than the German. His weapon, too, was the old cut-and-thrust rapier. Position and weapon have both been given up, and French fencing prevails throughout the Peninsula, like French fashions, novels, and political methods.

It is a curious illustration of the state of Italian towns in those days that Angelo thinks it necessary to instruct his pupils how to bear themselves if attacked there on their travels by bravos using a cloak to entangle the sword with, or a dark lantern to flash in their faces by night. A little attention to the old master's instructions will convince the reader that the man who uses these ingenious aids is like the general who divides his army in the presence of an enemy. As a system of attack-and-defense conflict, the art of fencing has probably made no considerable advance since Angelo's time. It looks more to rapidity, perhaps, and less to elegance; but that is owing to the one improvement which it has received as an exercise. There was no mask in Angelo's day, that protection for the face not having been invented till about the beginning of the century. The old masters are very careful in impressing on their pupils the necessity of being on their guard against having an eye poked out while practicing with the foil. The fear of undergoing this loss, or of being the involuntary cause of inflicting it on a friend, must have made fencing in the last century a much quieter process than it is now—much more an affair of quick and delicate wrist-work, and less a matter of rapid lunging.

There is no prettier spectacle in athletic exercises than the encounter of two well-matched fencers. It has, moreover, this attraction—that it is a sport in which mere physical strength gives less advantage than in any other; it is a matter of rapidity and science. When the Encyclopædia lays it down that fencing is a "peculiar application of the principle of the lever," the statement has a slight air of pedantry, but it was undoubtedly by a strictly scientific process of reasoning that the inventors of fencing created the system of parries by which a girl might turn the thrust of a Guardsman if she were only quick enough. Since the mask was invented, and the face protected from risk, a long series of French masters have devoted themselves to pressing the pace; but even so, the increased rapidity is secured by improved method, and the result is an exercise requiring a combination of dexterity of wrist, accuracy of eye, and command over the body which ought to keep the small-sword in honor long after cold steel has become as obsolete on the field of battle as chain-mail, and the duel has been sent by the common-sense of the world to keep company with the judicial combat in the limbo of abandoned and half-forgotten things.

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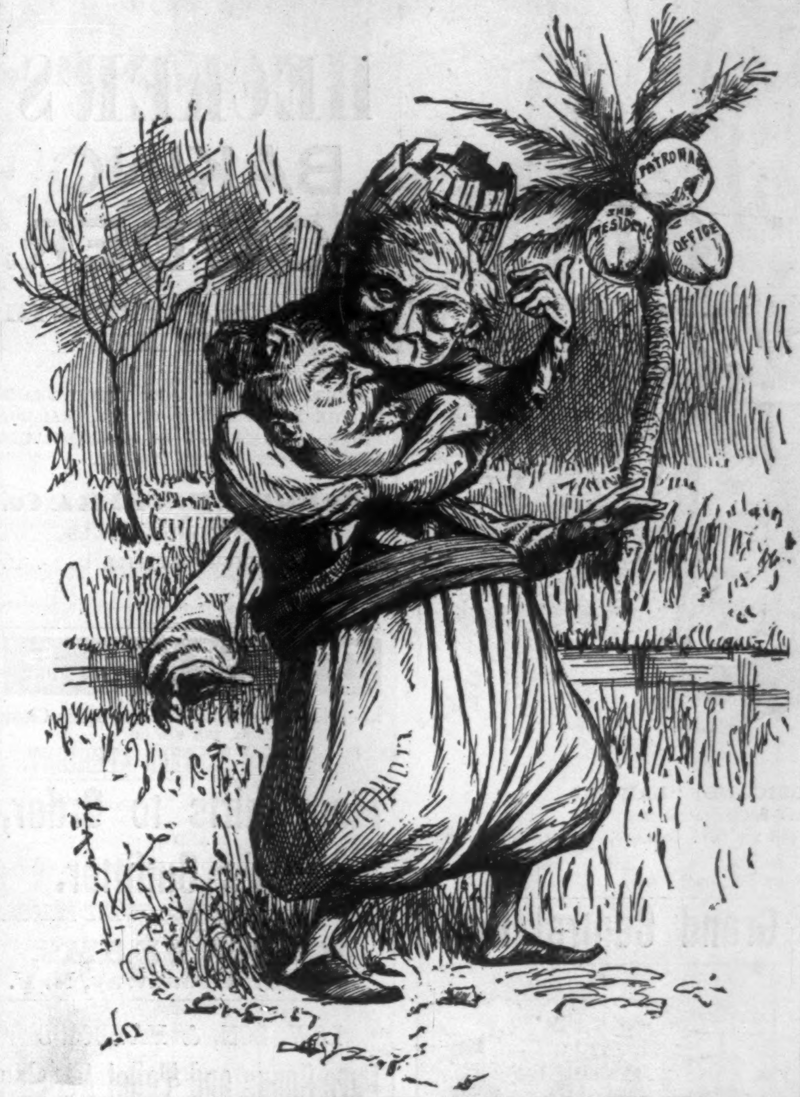

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